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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Spoiled Child of the Arts

THOSE of us now middle aged were educated in school rooms whose walls were dignified, if not adorned, by an impressive row of American poets—Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, with magnificent beards, and sometimes the beardless Emerson. Whitman and Poe were conspicuously absent, though, of course we did not miss them. Oliver Wendell Holmes was often runner-up.

Poetry in those days was popular. It may have been a weak gruel, but it nourished thousands. Indeed, from the purely social aspect, it may well be urged that the greatest need of American literature is another Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The popular poetry of our day is as much inferior to his as a Long Beach bungalow to his stately Cambridge residence.

After the passing of these dwellers on the lower slopes of Olympus, American poetry became magazine verse, technically good, graceful, feminine, used chiefly for calendars and to fill the blank ends of magazine pages where a story or an article ran short. The poetic revival at the end of the first decade of our century challenged this innocuous desuetude. With Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Amy Lowell, poetry became masculine even to raucousness, and challenged a wider audience—challenged but was answered by the poetical only, who fiercely liked or fiercely disliked the new realism and the new raucousness. We said, poetry is becoming vital again; it is being read, soon it will be widely read. But the impulse passed; the next generation of poets turned in, instead of out, wrote increasingly for special journals and poetry societies, became more, not less, esoteric, more clever, less strong. Poetry in America became, and is, a kind of esthetic exercise, practised, like dancing and gymnastics, by devoted coteries, a means of self-expression, a vehicle for subtlety, but not one of the great arts, not as interesting as American architecture, not as vigorous as American fiction.

Why this miscarriage? What cold eighteenth century has settled so quickly upon the hopeful renaissance of the nineteen tens? Why are we drifting back again to "magazine verse"?

The poets are writing for each other. The poets are criticizing each other with that special consideration, varied by malice, always characteristic of criticism within a coterie by coterie standards. It is easier now to make a reputation in poetry than in any other art, if by reputation one means a name known in literary circles. A writer may be writing short stories read by hundreds of thousands, and getting for them an income respectable even in business, and yet be utterly devoid of literary reputation, his name unknown except to a few editors and forgotten by his careless readers as soon as they have read a story. But a slender volume of poems, approved by a poetry society, and bruited through all the poetical journals by friends of the author, will add in a year to the list of anthology poets the name of an author who has written only this. He is read by his peers only, reads to them in selected gatherings; they only criticize him, they only are sponsors for poetical fame.

And poets, by and large, are the worst of all reviewers, and the most unscrupulous. They, and not the columnists often accused, are the puffers par excellence of our day. It is the poets who unblushingly review their friends' books on every opportunity, and praise to the skies poetry that nobody reads. It is not log rolling, at least not always log rolling. The principle rather seems to be that poetry is a weak plant which must have the sun, that since it cannot make money, it deserves praise, that if the world will not esteem it, then poets must. And American poetry has become the spoiled child of the arts, protected, pampered, praised for every hint of well doing, spanked in an occasional bad temper, tweaked by the ears now and then, but never disciplined, never submitted to standards that the artistic novel must meet, never discussed like the poetry of the nineteenth century as vital expression of importance to humanity. Never!—well, hardly ever. We do not write of exceptions. It is the rule that counts, and the rule is that our poets are content with a family reputation, and that, more than any other literature, their work betrays a lack of rigid criticism, and an unwillingness or inability to make what they say important beyond coterie and clique.

Spring in Chinatown

By LAWRENCE LEE

I WONDER what they think of spring
On Pell and Doyers Street,
And if to Chinese noses now
The morning air seems sweet.

Does Chi Ling mix poetic thoughts
With those he gives to trade,
Or think of one who might put on
His greenest string of jade?

Do shiny cups and yellow plates
Bring Chinese girls to mind;
And does the scent of jasmine buds
Seem like a Canton wind?

Do slim young merchants down on Mott,
Where Wu Chen does not see,
With brush and ink print Chinese odes
On packages of tea?

This Week

"The Vanished Empire." Reviewed by *G. H. Danton.*

"A Nation Plan." Reviewed by *Lewis Mumford.*

"The Philosophy of the Abbe Bautain." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

Qwertyuiop. A Shirtsleeves History.

"Turgenev, the Man, His Art and His Age." Reviewed by *William Lyon Phelps.*

"Brother Saul." Reviewed by *John Haynes Holmes.*

"The Dark Gentleman." Reviewed by *Leonard Bacon.*

Next Week, or Later

"Winds of Criticism." By *Percy H. Boynton.*

"Association Items"

By WILMARTH S. LEWIS

AS a collecter, I am of all things partial to what are called "association items," a weakness I believe general, for only the other day I heard of a Yale undergraduate who entered a book shop and asked for Dr. Johnson's copy of the "Life." To be able to say "This is the copy of the Strawberry Hill 'Grammont' which Walpole gave to the Duchess of Bedford (his Turtle)" means much to me. I like to think of the many gay and friendly acts that so many of the books in my library represent. Here are Mrs. Chapone's "Letters" going to Mrs. Boscawen; Lord Carlisle, having paid thousands of Charles Fox's debts gives him this specially bound copy of his "Father's Revenge;" Mrs. Vesey—the Sylph—flutters through the thin folio, "Six Poems" by Mr. Gray; and Lord George Gordon admires his specially bound copy of "Scotland's Opposition to Popery," which shows himself surrounded by cannon and flags and thistles in, positively, the garb of John the Baptist. No wonder he was encouraged to loose the Terror upon London, to throw Parliament into confusion, and at last to accomplish the burning of Lord Mansfield's library.

It is curious how, once one has committed his heart and soul to the collecting of a man, that man looks after one. I am sure, for example, that often Horace Walpole has said to Mme. de Sevigné, over their tea in the Elysian Fields, "I sent him a little something else today." It may run on almost automatically as it did for me with copies of Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors." When I began collecting Walpole I was not at all excited by this dull sounding work, but presently Walpole, to jack me up, had Messrs. Maggs send me the copy he had given to Kitty Clive! The "Catalogue" was the first thing of his own that Walpole printed at his Press, a year after its founding in 1757. Mrs. Clive was then living under his chaperonage close by at Little Strawberry Hill, and he doubtless delivered this copy in person. The excellent Miss Matilda Hawkins questioned whether Mrs. Clive "would have been as well tolerated as she was in the neighborhood, had it not been for the countenance of Horace Walpole," for Kitty Clive was brief in manner and frank of speech even though she had enough patience to work the carpet with blue tulips and yellow foliage for the Holbein Chamber at Walpole's Gothic Castle. Five other items of importance and interest connected with the "Catalogue" now flowed in on me, including the proof sheets, corrected by Walpole, for the Second Edition, and the copy of the rare "Postscript" which he sent Richard Bull and which still contained his letter. And all these were almost forced upon me!

Then there are the almost unbelievable coincidences. Two years ago when on my way to England, Professor Tinker asked me to get him a copy of the first edition of "The Castle of Otranto." I explained that I had to get one for myself and he replied, that all he wanted was an ordinary copy, but that I could have, knowing my weakness for association items, the copy Walpole gave to—William Cole. He might have said anyone, of course, but Cole probably came first because Walpole's two best letters on how he happened to write the book were addressed to Cole. Six weeks in London produced only one copy and, with a lack of generosity that collectors will understand, I had it sent home with my books. Once this selfishness had been in-

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dulged, however, I was smitten with shame, resolved to turn it over to Mr. Tinker on my return, and left word that the next copy that Maggs found should be sent to me. As soon as I got back I delivered the book in New Haven and then, when I reached home, I found a letter from Maggs saying that they had just secured another copy of the first "Castle of Otranto"—*the copy Walpole gave William Cole.* Progressive virtue, and approving heaven!

One can never tell when the great moment will arrive, the moment when a beaming heaven will open and drop a treasure at one's feet. Two years ago I was looking through the catalogues of some pending art sales—a thing I had never done before. That very night, I found, was to be sold the Arthur Tooth Collection and Number 26 was Lady Mary Churchill by Francis Cotes. The only Lady Mary Churchill that meant anything to me was a half-sister of Horace Walpole, the natural daughter of Sir Robert by the amiable lady who subsequently became his second wife, but of course it might be she, and so I went to the auction rooms to see if there were any family resemblance. There was, a quite remarkable one, one strong enough to gamble on, and that night, with a flap of my hand, I got Lady Mary with only one opposing bid.

* * *

My problem then was to get her home before I sailed the next week. With her frame she was about thirty-five by forty inches, a sizable picture to carry; but I couldn't wait for her to be crated and packed and so I decided to take her myself. The auctioneers refused to wrap her up. "People," they explained, "are liable to stick their umbrellas through it, but if they see it's a picture they will keep out of the way." Then I bundled Lady Mary into a taxi and, clutching her tightly, stepped out upon the marble stage of the Grand Central. It was noon on Saturday and the station was crowded, but trains stopped running and the crowd stood still as our party—my porter, Lady Mary, and I—made our brilliant way across the floor to the farthest end. One man was impelled to inquire if Lady Mary was over a hundred years old, another boldly asked if she had cost over a thousand dollars, while a third, evidently a lover of the ancients, asked in an awed voice if she had come from Athens. Arrived at the barrier, the ticket collector threw a great chain in front of me and announced truculently, "You can't take that thing through here." Balancing Lady Mary on my toes, I fell into a stupor until roused by the ticket collector. "Follow me!" he hissed even as I began searching for a crisp bill. I did and he fairly took my hand, like the Red Queen, as we raced to a mysterious little unseen door. "I'd get hell for this," he volunteered, "it's violating the franchise. You're not supposed to carry things like that. What would happen to the express companies?"

At last home, with Lady Mary looking wistfully down from the wall, over her half-open music book, I began my researches. Was this faintly moustached lady Walpole's half-sister or was she not? Francis Cotes was not mentioned in Toynbee's edition of the letters, nor was the portrait. No help there. The only other place was the Catalogue of the Sale of the Contents of Strawberry Hill, which took place in 1842, forty-five years after Walpole's death. The Catalogue was largely based on Walpole's own "Description of Strawberry Hill" which saved Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, who wrote a foreword to the Sale Catalogue, no end of trouble. This I now consulted and there in the twenty-first Day's Sale, number 39, was "A half length portrait of Lady Maria Walpole, only child of Sir Robert and Maria Skerret, and wife of Charles Churchill, only son of General Churchill." Then follows a line of description taken from Walpole. "She is represented in a veil, with a music book before her." So my Lady Mary was not only Walpole's sister, but his own portrait of her which he had commissioned Eckardt, not Cotes, to paint for Strawberry Hill.

Poor Lady Mary had a hard time of it. Born illegitimate, one of the first things her father did when he fell from power and became Lord Orford was to have her legitimated by Royal Patent, a balm which had previously been reserved for royal indiscretions. The outcry was fearful, great ladies swore they would not give her place at court, the mob carried her about in effigy. But soon the tide turned. Sir Robert's geniality won nearly everybody back; whereupon his daughter became the greatest match in England. The richest and highest born young men of the day placed their coronets at her feet, but, to her brother's intense disgust, she married Charles Churchill, the natural son of old General Churchill by Mrs. Oldfield, the actress. From this point on, Lady Mary's life was one happy succession of babies and journeys to France. Churchill proved an excellent husband, Hori's affection was won back, Madame du Deffand did all that could be done for her and her daughters in Paris, and she lived, consoled to the end of a long life, by her proficiency on the harpsichord.

The great thing about the portrait is the remarkable resemblance to the portrait of Horace painted by Richardson when he was about the same age. There was a story current in the eighteenth century that Walpole himself was the natural son of his mother by Carr, Lord Hervey. If this were true, he and Lady Mary would be no relation whatever and might be expected to bear no resemblance to each other. But the resemblance between the two portraits is astounding. There is the same long sloping nose and oval chin, the shape of the two heads is almost identical. It is pleasant to think that, at this late date, Lady Mary is doing her bit to dispel a gossiping rumor about her brother's name, a rumor whose actuality had clouded so much of her own life.

Marginalia may make a book of the greatest association interest, and also, as Mr. Percival Merritt has recently shown, they may be most illuminating. The eighteenth century annotated its books with a care and a passion which seems remarkable now. At most we underscore a line or mark a passage in the margin. The ladies and gentlemen of the eighteenth century poured out their emotions with little regard for any subsequent eye that might speculate upon them. Among these arch-annotators a conspicuous place must be reserved for that great poetess, Miss Anna Seward, the Swan of Litchfield.

Miss Seward's "piping" annoyed Horace Walpole. "An out pensioner of Parnassus," he rudely called her, but there were many others to hail her as the modern Sappho, the Tenth Muse, and she was actually known as The Swan. "The mind of Miss Seward was early imbued with the vivid and sublime imagery of Milton," Mr. E. V. Lucas quotes from the *British Lady's Magazine* in his "A Swan and Her Friends," "and she lisped 'L'Allegro and 'Il Penseroso' when only in her third year."

From this auspicious beginning, the Swan flew powerfully on until, in a surprisingly short time, she occupied a position in the female world remotely comparable to that of her great fellow-townsman to whom there are many feminine references in her letters. Her grandfather had taught Dr. Johnson when he was merely a "huge, over-grown, misshapen, and probably dirty stripling," and she could never quite rid herself of the idea that he was her rival in fame. But among female geniuses she stood at the top, striking her lyre with bold but graceful sweeps. England, virtue, and nature were among her special charges, and she looked forth upon the world with an Empress's, a *good* Empress's solicitude.

Before me is her copy of "The Vales of Wever: A Loco-Descriptive Poem," by J. Gisborne, Esq. J. Gisborne, Esq., was known, with the weakness of the eighteenth century for calling people by any name but their own, as The Man of Prayer. He was a Poet, and "The Vales of Wever: A Loco-Descriptive Poem" was one of his most perfect expressions. Published a year before "Lyrical Ballads," it is not to be confused in any way with the great movement which was about to usher in the nineteenth century. Miss Seward, happily still unconscious of young Mr. Wordsworth and young Mr. Coleridge, was ripe. Fifty-five years of this world had established in her the manner of a seeress. Dr. Johnson had been dead for thirteen years, the great Mason was dying, dear Mr. Hayley was still going strong, but as she herself had confessed nine years before, "the silver cord of our amity is loosening at more links than one." For the moment she was quite without peer as she picked up the Man of Prayer's Loco-Descriptive Poem.

She read, so the book shows, until the ninety-fifth line before she brought into play her critical pen in the margin.

> While many a rill with querulous tones
> Frets o'er the moss-embroider'd stones,
> And liquid music softly wakes
> The stillness of those tangled brakes.

Opposite this she marked a bold line and wrote "beautiful description." The Man of Prayer had won his spurs, but, in line 126, he began a sin which was to prove nearly fatal. The moon, he said in effect,

> Sheds a glory on the streams,

and the Swan underscored "glory" and wrote sternly opposite: "too strong a word for moonlight. It is the Sun's property." As soon as line 131 he again makes this mistake—

> Pale o'er the woodlands moonshine glows

and the Swan after underlining "Pale" and "glows" tartly says "Nothing that is *Pale* can *glow.*" Nor is the peril past. In line 163 we read

> Queen of the skies, who silver'st wide
> This dreary world with glory's sea,
> Roll from thin orb the radiant tide
> And pour thy lucid streams on ME!

Glory and radiant are underscored. Then the Swan: "Pope's example betrays succeeding Poets into the error of allotting that magnificent term for the modest Moon. Radiant also is too fine an epithet." Finally one feels that all is lost when one finds the modest moon again glaring, for Miss Seward, losing patience, coldly says, "the moon never glares." Fifty lines flow by before the warmth of the poetic fire can thaw the frozen Swan, but at last it proves too hot and she exclaims, with an exclamation point, "!beautiful." This lucky hit is followed by a long passage telling how Hygeia, with her sweet voice, "leads stout youths and maidens o'er the mead." Applause breaks out in the middle and at the end Miss Seward's critical hands beat together in honest praise: "The whole of this invocation is very poetic." Useless to multiply evidences of the Swan's generous recognition of a younger genius. Fortunately, no further references are made to the glaring moon and through the rest of this Canto and the second—the Swan apparently did not read the last—praise is profligately bestowed. Nay more, so completely does she enter into the Man of Prayer's mood that she unbuttons her own bosom and bares it, so to speak, to the modest moon. J. Gisborne, Esq., was not above appending a footnote of a few hundred words here and there to help the stumbling feet of his less informed readers. "The dire Empress of the North" is mentioned and receives a superb footnote of three hundred words full of indignant horror. Miss Seward is caught up and swept on in her turn until she cries out: "Yet how is the Military Monster who executed her dire behests, the cruel Suwaro, extolled in all our public papers, now he is fighting for our allies." Poor Suwaro was made to feel the full force of a virgin's wrath—and England with him, for in another place Miss Seward again bursts out: "Blush England blush for thy applausive epithets for that infamous Homicide."

* * *

It is pleasant to turn from the spectacle of such duplicity to "Immortal Washington—Columbia's lord," who was, J. Gisborne, Esq., declared in a footnote "the Saviour of his Country, the Supporter of Freedom, and the Benefactor of Mankind." Miss Seward was in complete accord, and does not hesitate again to confront England. "What then," she asks with a bristling exclamation point, "has England to answer for in that unjust war!" This is a challenge which even today stirs answering chords in Republican breasts.

And then we come, suddenly, at the foot of page 49, upon a passage that makes us catch our breath. Mr. Gisborne backs up a note on the nightingale by reference to three great poets. "I think Shakespeare, Milton, and Mason have noticed this circumstance; and it has not escaped Dr. Darwin:

> There as sad Philomel, alike forlorn,
> Sings to the night from her *accustomed* thorn.
> *Botanic Garden*, Vol I., 1.34."

In words of fire, the Swan has written opposite: "those lines are not Dr. Darwin's, they are Anna Seward's, though inserted without acknowledgment, together with thirty-six more of hers wh. form the exordium of his Botanic Garden."

Picture her, alone with her book, as she set the sinister truth down. Dr. Darwin—whose grandson was also to be a naturalist—had done this thing to her, after their life-long friendship and after she had written an immortal biography of him. Her note was again addressed to England, but it was also addressed to posterity. And now posterity, in America, publishes the fact nearly a hundred and thirty years later. *Fiat justitia ruat coelum!*

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What to Do in China

THE VANISHED EMPIRE. By PUTNAM WEALE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by G. H. DANTON
Tsing Hua College, Peking

OF Mr. Bertram Lenox Simpson, who writes under the pen-name of Putnam Weale, the "blurb" on the yellow jacket of this book naïvely says, "Mr. Weale has lived in Peking during the past year and the notes from his diary give a vivid and dramatic account of the recent fighting, etc." These remarks prove that the writer has looked into the volume: they do not even hint that Mr. Simpson, one of the most prolific and colorful living writers on Chinese affairs, has spent the greater part of his life in the Orient, that he has a thorough command of the Chinese language, both written and spoken, that he founded and edited a bilingual newspaper in Peking, and that he is still technically a political advisor to the President's office in China. The total of his works runs to about a score, some more or less literary, and a whole series of political books, of which "The Vanished Empire" is the latest. Like its immediate predecessor, "Why China Sees Red," there is a definite bid, in the very title, for a journalistic approach on the part of the reader, an approach which is kept open throughout the book by every trick in the journalistic bag, and which captivates by picturesqueness of incident, cleverness of phrase, dogmatism of statement, and constant brilliance of aperçu.

Everything which Mr. Lenox Simpson writes bears the mark of his trenchant personality, though it is not always clear that it bears that of his intimate ideas: his prejudices are more obvious than his mature reflection. This is due to the fact that, while understanding the Chinese thoroughly, he has no real inner sympathy with them, a phenomenon all too often observed in those who have been born and brought up in China. On the other hand, he is too much imbued with knowledge to be in entire sympathy with their Occidental opponents. The result, in all of his recent works, is a fundamental antinomy. This antinomy, which is so difficult to reconcile, causes the attention to be arrested on every page, while, at the same time, the judgment is as constantly challenged. In the presence of a particularly brilliant jeu d'esprit, one is as fully aware of the stick which is coming down, as of the rocket which is ascending.

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So, in the first section, where the history of China is outlined with a really dramatic brilliance, there is, in briefest compass, an excellent recital for those who do not desire the meticulous documentation of proved facts. The general reader will find this part interesting through its clever avoidance of the ballast of unfamiliar names, through its ingenious interweaving of fact, legend, tradition, and fiction. Indeed, the attention is held as in a novel. But the author's fondness for *ex cathedra* statements leads him to sweep aside, in the confines of the first seven pages, all doubts on a number of questions which are far from being settled. He makes bold statements regarding the origin of the Chinese, though he must be aware of the significance of all the latest discoveries in the anthropological field: the Yan Shao culture, the work of Anderson and Li, the discovery of the *homo pekingensis*. Again, there is a remarkable pronunciamento on the origin of "tones" in the Chinese spoken language, a statement entirely innocent of knowledge of the pioneer work done by Conrady as long ago as 1896, and of the recent brilliantly collected data of Karlgren. Nor will it do to take for granted, without further comment, even in a popular book, the pre-existence of the matriarchate in China, though the Chinese ideogram for family name (hsing) seems to point in this direction. The result of such positive statements will be that scholars are bound to regard the work with suspicion, while the public will be misled into taking a brilliant piece of journalism as a standard work on a difficult subject.

At the same time, some excellent points are made: the whole progress of the Tartarization, not merely of North, but of South China, is graphically delineated, and the influence of cavalry on Chinese warfare gives a new point of view. Such a statement as, "The Chinese were to become a people with elaborate ethics but with no other protection. . . . And this weakness, growing from generation to generation, encouraged the people to remain at heart lawless, relying upon violence as a corrective and unable to do as other races did in codifying their rights," is a very keen observation on the long series of bloody wars and on the frightful oppressions to which the Chinese people have had to submit. Of Confucius he says, "To give life decoration—yes, that was a worthy pursuit, not merely with beauteous silks, or grave music, or altars of wood and stone, but with silence and respect." A deep fundamental of Chinese life is hit off here, as is rarely the case in works from the West.

The second section of the work follows out an extremely interesting postulate. According to Mr. Simpson, the ability of the Chinese as navigators has been greatly overestimated by the Occident. In fact, from one point of view, they are hardly to be considered as seamen at all, and even the mariner's compass, which they invented, degenerated in their hands to a geomantic instrument. Through a clever development of the theory of Chinese maritime incompetence, the inevitable clash of the priest-king, with claims to world dominion, and the hungry sea-power of the West is dramatically told. It may be objected that the development was not quite so one-sided as Mr. Simpson depicts it. The attitude of the first adventurers from the West was hardly more than that of pirates; even as late as the War of 1812, the British left much to be desired in their treatment of the Chinese, and character played a far greater rôle than the deterministic historical philosophy of the author seems to admit. The Chinese, too, while obstinate and corrupt in their dealings with the early foreigners, only show definite *national* hostility at a comparatively late

LADY MARY CHURCHILL
Eckardt Portrait
(See opposite page)

date, and are able practically to assimilate a highly trained Jesuit like Ricci.

Most serious criticism may be made of the author's attitude toward the opium question. His statement that its omission from the treaty of Nanking (1842) is proof that it was considered unimportant by both sides, is completely at variance with the facts. While it must be insisted that the war was not waged by the British *in order* to force opium on the Chinese (as the latter too often assert), it is still an open question whether or not the Chinese would have yielded in the end without warfare, if it had not been for their fierce hatred of the drug. Observers like Bridgeman, who was on the spot, and who had interviews with Commissioner Lin, sensed the Chinese psychology at that time and asserted categorically that, to the Chinese, the war was an opium war; it remains so, in the minds of the Chinese today. The East India company had left China, in 1834, with unclean hands; the majority of the English merchants and some of the Americans inherited the evil legacy of corruption and smuggling of the "foreign dirt." So that the Chinese clearly thought that they were defending their country from degeneration and a heavy drain of silver (as Mr. Simpson admits), whatever may have been the motive behind the British during the period. It is too easy a solution to say that the break resulted from a clash of East and West, and that the matter of audience with the Emperor was the question at issue. The motives are more complicated and more actually mixed than that. There is an interesting parallel with the attitude of the British today in regard to the smuggling of liquor into the United States. The ultimate blame rests with those who buy: those who supply them among their countrymen are practically equally guilty before the law, but the foreigner is not blameless because he offers the opportunity, makes propaganda, and uses his best efforts to get his wares to market. This, *mutatis mutandis*, was the British attitude during the time when the opium question became acute. They could (as Palmerston did) point to the corruption of the Chinese officials, a point which contemporary Chinese are too unwilling to admit, but they produced the opium and brought it to China and tried to sell it to a people who, after all, might be said to be in need of tutelage. There was no thought of *noblesse oblige*. For all the rigidity of the Confucian ethics, it has never proved a barrier to the entrance of foreign luxury. The author is not the first to point out the inadequacy of both the Ming and the Tsing courts, and especially of the camerilla surrounding them. He is too generous in his treatment of the eunuchs in later Tsing times: they were amply responsible, with a frightened literary caste, for the stubborn resistance to foreign aggression; it is also quite probable, as Mr. Simpson points out, that the Nepalese War of 1792 opened their eyes to the power of the British in India, but just this ought to have, and would have, lessened their resistance, if the opium question had not come so much to the fore.

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The third section of the book is a diary of events. This part is of the most immediate interest, but is the least edifying of the three. Here the author reveals himself as an uncompromising advocate of the policy of the big stick, who despises the "sentimentality" of the American diplomatic attitude and who deplores the lost opportunity for intervention. He is a remarkably keen observer, whose prognostications have a habit of coming true; his criticisms of military failure show that his early training for the army was not in vain. Throughout the whole narrative, however, one misses completely the realization that something has happened in China which was not in the calculations, even eight years ago, when the students first struck against the compact of Versailles and the twenty-one demands. Foreigners in China are divided by nature into two classes: those who understand, more or less, that Chinese nationalism is a fact, and those who do not. It is like a taste for caviar or an ability to judge vintage wines or pictures: you either have it or you do not. If you have it, you know that future policy in the Orient must take this nationalism into immediate and constant consideration. If you have no sense for it, you still believe in the table-pounding form of diplomacy, which implies, at present, so much in the way of men and money, that no nation can really afford to carry it through to its final conclusion. Political intrigues, "peace by treachery" (to use a phrase from an earlier editorial of Mr. Simpson), in fact, the whole venal, sordid jockeying for money and place, the incompetence and tyranny of the military caste, are the final stage in a struggle which will ultimately end only through an access of real nationalism in China. The author has cleverly remarked that the present struggle is like that in the "Three Kingdoms," with names changed. One can go farther: one can take almost any incident from that famous novel, and can carry out the parallels with today, by the use of a very little time and effort. A.D. 200 and A. D. 1927 are strikingly alike on the surface, but there is something in 1927 which was not present in 200. Whatever this something is, it has permeated China and leaves the conventionally-minded perplexed, both as to methods and attitude. Its manifestations are frequently absurd; its connections with the Soviet, unpleasant to contemplate from afar or to endure personally; in fact, it is quite possible that the present movement may blow up, may split China, or split itself into various groups. It may even force intervention from Japan, Russia, or Great Britain. It is even possible that force may be used on China again, or that the strings may be pulled so that serious trouble results as in 1900. This sort of thing has already occurred —in Canton, for instance, during the riots at the bridgehead leading to Shameen; and in Peking, by the firing on the students by the President's guard, in March, 1926. But where such force brings collapse of opposition, as in the latter case, it brings only renewed bitterness. The captain of the "Cockchafer" who bombarded a city, comes in for praise

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from Mr. Simpson, as one who by prompt methods accomplished a good deal. Actually, that bombardment did nothing but to strengthen the hands of those whom Mr. Simpson fears, the extreme "Red" group. The Chinese wars have wasted millions, have ruined modern transportation facilities, have broken treaties with impunity, and the foreign governments have stood by and seen this done. Is it merely because they are incompetent and sentimental, or is it because they are coming to an understanding that there is something deeper involved in the struggle?

Mr. Simpson's diary is full of interesting comment on men and events. He shows by anecdote and illustrative incident such points as the general official Chinese (and foreign) distrust of the new education; his explanation of the results of tariff autonomy is worth considering; his description of the forces which were behind the ruin of Kuo Sung-lin, in his futile attempt to overthrow Chang Tso-lin, reads like a good yarn, but may be true, and there may be even more astonishing facts behind that sad debâcle. Figures like those of Chang Tsung-ch'ang, with his harem of Chinese and Russian women, his ingenuity in thinking out new illegal taxes, his generosity with public funds, descriptions like those of the retreat of the People's Army, lend color and life to a well-written book. It is a book well worth reading, if the reader keeps his critical judgment intact, and does not lose his vision for the Chinese. It is a book that will anger the Chinese nationalists; it will confirm the ardent interventionist in his beliefs or will make him feel, pessimistically, that intervention should have been carried out long ago. This is true: the last possible date was approximately 1840.

Plan or Perish!

A NATION PLAN. By CYRUS KEHR. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by LEWIS MUMFORD

AFTER considerable preparation and expert criticism Mr. Cyrus Kehr has brought forth his study of the Nation Plan. It is an attempt to sketch out the "basis of a coördinate physical development of the United States of America." Mr. Kehr is a pioneer in the field: his first proposal was made at a meeting of the American Civic Association in 1915, and since that time the ideas and outlooks he represents have been pushed forward by various persons and organizations in a general movement usually known as "regional planning." Mr. Kehr has made an able contribution to the subject; and it is important that his proposals should be seriously entertained and criticized.

What is the province of A Nation Plan? It is the ordering of the common physical bases of our existence; the development of our waterways, railways, highways, airways, the distribution of population and industries, the conservation of forests and water power sites, and the provision of great recreation areas, in such a fashion as to serve the interests of the population as a whole. The Nation Plan differs from the regional plan in that it takes as its unit the largest territorial area under one government. Needless to say, this is a somewhat arbitrary division, for it leaves out of account regions like the St. Lawrence Valley which call for a coöperative development. Mr. Kehr does not forget this limitation; and he points out that ultimately the Nation Plan must become a continent plan, and the continent plan part of a world plan. Are these extravagant vistas? Not at all: the work contemplated by these plans goes on steadily day after day; but it is done without the foresight, the coördination, and the scientific adjustment which deliberate planning would contribute.

In America, the days of jerrybuilding and haphazard planning are fast coming to an end. During the nineteenth century the railroad magnate, the land gambler, and the timber-miner did most of our planning for us: they worked hastily, and were out to grab immediate financial returns, at whatever sacrifice to our permanent interests as a community; and in the business of planning they made a sad mess. One has only to go through the barren cut-over lands of Michigan, through the factory-slums of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, or to contemplate the intricate disorder of the Chicago railway yards to have an intensified picture of the whole process. If the old saw about "the more haste the less speed" ever applied anywhere, it applied to the settlement of America: it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the whole country must be resettled and rebuilt again. Our farms were not originally cropped for continuous agriculture; our forests were not cut for a continuous yield; and our cities have not been planned or developed for permanent residence. Since the frontier closed in 1890, the slack has gradually been tightening up; our land will not bear this continual drain; and eventually we must face the fact that we must either plan or perish. Plan or Perish! might be a good motto for Mr. Kehr's book.

* * *

Now, Mr. Kehr has endeavored to sketch in the main lines of resettlement. Putting aside those forms of industry or public work that are municipal or regional in scope, he deals only with the elements that serve for interconnection and relation, or in which the population as a whole has a common, undivided interest. His treatment of these things shows careful study and deep public interest, and although, as a matter of literary presentation, it might have been more effective with fewer quotations and dicta from external sources, the main lines of the survey are ably presented, and vivified with photographs and maps. Mr. Kehr sees the Nation Plan as a comprehensive framework, based upon the fullest survey of industrial and social needs, past, present, and probable; within this framework the relevant details are to be called out by local effort, as in the planning of cities and the resetting of local roads.

By far the greater number of Mr. Kehr's proposals are the kind which would be instituted and acted upon if Mr. Thorstein Veblen's Soviet of Engineers gathered together to control the country's physical destinies; they represent demonstrable improvements in economies and technology. So far so good. Sooner or later the pressure of population will drive us to apply scientific methods to provinces where we now apply no other standards of success and failure than pecuniary ones; already technicians in the realm of power, light, and telephonic communications are, in their more limited way, taking into account the probable distribution of population and industry, and if these efforts were directed solely in the public interest, a Soviet of Technicians would for all practical purposes exist. Just because on these points Mr. Kehr's suggestions represent obvious and necessary advances, subject only to criticism in detail, I feel it necessary to call attention to more debatable assumptions, which he puts forward as if they allowed of no more dispute than questions of efficiency.

* * *

One of these assumptions lies in the very *raison d'être* of a Nation Plan. From a scientific standpoint, one would assume that Mr. Kehr chose the nation as a unit because the coördination he suggests must take place over a continental area, and the United States is the largest political unit that controls the more habitable parts of North America. But something else is in the back of Mr. Kehr's mind, too: "The Nation Plan," he says, "can be made a means to creating among our people a national sentiment, such a conception as they cannot otherwise receive of the magnitude of our nation." There are some of us, and not the least patriotic, either, who believe that we already have quite as much national sentiment as is good for us; and that what we need more than a reinforcement of this is on one hand a regional sentiment, which will give us a closer cultural identity with the immediate environment, and on the other, a world sentiment, which will make us see that in the present state of interdependence we have as much in common with the Brazilian who supplies us with rubber or the African who supplies us with cocoanut oil as we have with any member of our own political society. The rationing and the rational distribution of the world's physical resources must, in fact, remain impossible so long as a clannish nationalism is looked upon as the highest boon of political life.

Mr. Kehr's primary regard for national unity makes him undervalue, too, the part that regional planning must have in his larger scheme. He sees the connections: but occasionally he overlooks the importance of the things that are connected. What is needed to supplement such an abstract Nation Plan is an acknowledgment of the geographical and historic realities of the regions which are brought together and intimately related. The ruthless manner in which Federal road engineers have been butchering the trees of historic New England towns does not give one any great confidence in their respect for regional realities, or in their insight into what, ultimately, their attempts to coördinate and introduce efficiency are good for. Essentially, the part played by the Federal government and by other centralizing agencies must be of service to the various regions and communities that are brought together. The contrary habit, fostered by exponents of the unitary state, from Austin to Mussolini, does not promise very much for the good life; for, speaking in strictly historical terms, the main business of the unitary state has been aggrandizement and war.

The same criticism holds, I think, of Mr. Kehr's notion of zoning our new immigrants by distributing them among the present population in such a fashion as to break up their ties with their original cultural group and to promote quick Americanization. Mr. Kehr seems unaware that this is a highly debatable question; he takes for granted the belief that immigrants must be mechanically assimilated, and that their efforts to group together and to retain certain features of their common life are futile or pernicious. On this point a little more geographic and ethnic insight might have shown him that he was treading upon debatable ground. Without special encouragement or aid our agricultural immigrants have exhibited a tendency to zone themselves—the Poles in New England, the Swedes in Minnesota, the Hollanders in Michigan—and the significant fact about this zoning is that similar cultural groups have remained together and have settled in land not altogether unlike their original habitat. This may not lead to quick Americanization; but the results of such settlement may be far more valuable in the long run than any attempt at indiscriminate mixture.

* * *

What is the safeguard against these too easy assumptions of nationalist unity and centralized omnipotence? The safeguard is not resistance to the processes of planning and unification, for this is now taking place on a world-wide scale, but rather the attempt to build up new political and cultural entities, grounded in their environment, which will by their necessary autonomy of functions be able to remold these process to their own purpose. The regulation of interregional parks and water power systems by interstate treaty is an example of this process; the attempt that has been made by the New York State Housing and Regional Planning Commission to lay down the necessary framework for a more active regional development is another; activities like these do not annul more comprehensive movements, but actually lead to them. There are places in which Mr. Kehr seems to hold that the Federal government would lay down *its* plan, and after that the various local agencies would attempt to fit their programs to this general scheme. Fortunately, the planning and building of economic and social institutions is a more flexible and inter-related process than this: the real need in comprehensive planning is not for something that can be set down on paper, like a municipal engineer's building lines, but something that acts in a more educative fashion, seizing hold of the imagination, and gradually permeating every activity. The paper plan is an eventuality, and not a beginning. During the nineteenth century the notion of expansion had this effect upon our separate deeds: in our own day, the idea of resettlement may perhaps take its place. Mr. Kehr's book excellently shows the concrete implications of this new idea.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Catholic Thought

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ABBE BAUTAIN. By WALTER MARSHALL HORTON. New York: The New York University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE discovery of a new nineteenth century philosopher is something of an achievement; to have discovered him in the bosom of the Catholic Church is perhaps a still greater achievement; for the discovery to have been made by a Protestant professor in Oberlin Theological Seminary assisted in his researches by various European Catholic priests is the greatest achievement of all. Just at the moment when the prospective presidential candidacy of a Roman Catholic threatens to unloose the forces of religious hatred in this unhappy country, Professor Horton comes forward with a book whose inception shows that it is sometimes possible even for Christians to live in harmony. In the world of scholarship, the victory over antiquated prejudice is already won. Catholic and Protestant philosophers no longer hurl maledictions at each other or even regard each other's work with suspicion; instead, the mutual discussion of mutual problems which has so long been needed has now become a fact. This may be called a victory either for philosophy or for religion; possibly for both.

But Professor Horton's book deserves other treatmen than merely to be used as a text for a sermon on brotherly love. Its explicit theme, the life and work of Bautain, is developed with such a mastery of historical perspective that Professor Horton may almost be said to have added a chapter to the history of nineteenth century European thought.

Louis-Eugène-Marie Bautain, born at Paris in 1796, was brought up as a Catholic but came under the influence of Victor Cousin at the École Normale and left the church. Immediately upon graduation in 1816, he became professor of philosophy at Strasbourg. Here he lectured brilliantly for three years, expounding the German idealistic metaphysics which he had come to embrace, until suddenly in 1819 he suffered a complete mental break-down. The lesson of human weakness thus impressed upon him at the very moment when he was discoursing proudly of man's kinship with the Absolute eventually brought him back into the Church. His conversion was expedited by acquaintance with Mlle. Louise Humann, a cultured mystic, at that time fifty-four years old, with a wide reputation for piety and learning. But he came back into the Church via Kant and Hegel, feeling that the old Christian apologetic was outworn, and determined to effect a new synthesis between philosophy and Christianity. The result was that the same year which saw his reentrance into the Church saw his suspension from the university by the French government on the ground of irreligion! He continued to teach, however, privately; gathered a group of devoted followers; and through his writings caused "the Strasbourg School" and "the Strasbourg philosophy" to become known throughout the whole of France. Meanwhile he was ordained priest and later was put in control of the Catholic Petit Seminaire in Strasbourg. Here his trenchant attacks upon Scholasticism brought him into conflict with his bishop by whom his doctrines were condemned in 1834. Nothing daunted, he waged a spectacular war with the bishop for six years, though ending as orthodox.

The significance of Bautain lies in the fact that he attempted to turn skepticism to the advantage of Christianity. He held that Kant had demolished the Scholastic proofs of God's existence and that pure reason inevitably leads to pantheism or its twin-sister, skepticism. Hence, like many modern pragmatists, he went over the head of reason to faith, intuition, and conscience. Had his position been accepted by the Church it would have involved a sweeping change in the entire Catholic philosophic program which would have brought the Church nearer the contemporary Protestant position.

The reader will find almost all the voluntaristic and vitalistic arguments of the pragmatist right wing already clearly outlined by Bautain. Professor Horton traces his relations with the Traditionalists in France—De Maistre, Bonnard, and Lamennais—as well as with the German romanticist Catholics; he also demonstrates Bautain's influence upon Modernism. "The Philosophy of the Abbé Bautain" is thus a biography of a most interesting and important figure, a sketch of nineteenth century Catholic thought, and a source-book of contemporary religio-philosophical problems.

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

IV. *Continued*

WHILE Miss Agnes Repplier, in *The Atlantic Monthly* 1914, was cultivatedly deploring "The Repeal of Reticence"; across the ocean as different an individual as could be imagined, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, hurled at Marinetti and the Futurists a most peculiar periodical known as *Blast*. With this lively assault was connected a somewhat incongruous figure, namely, Mr. Ezra Pound, our famous contemporary American exile. In one of his latest works, "The Revolutionary Simpleton," Mr. Lewis today harks back to that energetic time when Vorticism thus emerged. Pound, says Mr. Lewis, "supplied the Chinese crackers and a trayful of mild jokes," one of which doubtless was his detonating pronouncement, "Marinetti is a corpse." Vorticism was to sweep Futurism into limbo. It bulged with a manifesto signed by Richard Aldington, Gaudier Brzeska (the remarkable sculptor who died in the war), Pound, and Lewis. Ford Madox Ford (then Hueffer), Rebecca West and Epstein contributed to *Blast* but did not sign the manifesto. "The vorticist," said *Blast*, "will use only the primary media of his art. The primary pigment of poetry is the image . . . in painting, Kandinski, Picasso—in poetry H. D.'s

Whirl up sea
Whirl your pointed pines," etc.

That particular poem of H. D.'s (now a classic) is of course one of the few of her poems which are entirely image, where the ocean is invoked as a

EZRA POUND

forest in motion,—an extremely strained idea, were it not handled by an artist in phrase and cadence. The idea that hundreds (perhaps) of vorticists were to start quantity production of hundreds of such presentations of "pure image," was indeed daunting. *That* should have frightened naughty Mr. Marinetti more than anything else. But that "the primary pigment of poetry is the image" there is no denying. And *Blast's* aim to destroy, in Mr. Lewis's later words, "the 'academic' of the Royal Academy tradition" was worthy in the main. He adds today that this tradition "is now completely defunct."

"The freedom of expression, principally in the graphic and plastic arts, desired by *Blast*, is now attained, and can be indulged in by anybody who has the considerable private means required to be an 'artist'," continues Lewis. "So its object has been achieved. Though it is only ten or twelve years since that mass of propaganda was launched, in turning over the pages of *Blast* today it is hard to realize the bulk of the traditional resistance that its bulk was invented to overpower. How cowed those forces are today, or how transformed!"

Then he diverges to comment upon Ezra Pound's "antiquarian and romantic tendencies, his velvet-jacket and his blustering trouvére airs" which made him so strange a member of the extremist movement. "What struck them (the extremists) principally about Pound was that his fire-eating propagandist utterances were not accompanied by any very experimental efforts in his particular medium. His poetry, to the mind of the more fanatical of the group, was a series of pastiches of old french (sic) or old italian poetry, and could lay no claim to participate in the new burst of art in progress. Its novelty consisted largely in the distance it went *back*, not forward; in archaism, not in new creation."

This criticism and appraisal, it seems to me, remains true of Pound today. But Lewis does not miss his value. It would, in fact, be a strange history of our literary development over here which completely neglected Pound, even though he has for years found his domicile elsewhere. To many of the younger men today Pound remains a significant pioneer, and his generosity and encouragement to a number of disoriented young Americans is widely known. He has now turned to music, under the influence of the dynamic and deafening Antheil. "The Blast situation," comments Wyndham Lewis, "on a meaner scale, repeats itself. Pound is there with a few gentle provençal airs, full of a delicate scholarship and 'sense of the Past,' the organizer of a musical disturbance." Lewis thinks that Pound's effective work is finished, and that it has always savored of an intensely sensitive and specialistic parasitism. This is probably true. But he was the first American since James to take the Continent on its own terms and to enter fully into artistic life abroad. I mean into actual artistic development. If a far lesser writer, he has for a long time remained far more robust in his attitude toward the development of art than did James, who finally lapsed into finicky sterility. Pound may now be *gaga*. In his time he has been a force. Since his true time, at its height in 1914, other young American writers have sought England and the Continent, encouraged by his example.

As I write this, a new magazine, small and scarlet, lies before me. It is *The Exile*, edited by Ezra Pound (No. 1, Spring, 1927). It is the latest Ezra,—and it is nothing new. It begins, of course, with one of his cantos,—that is, "Part of Canto XX." Pound must keep a multi-lingual scrapbook! Guy Hickok, a contributor, then informs us that there is nothing but bad liquor and hypocrisy in the United States. "Mr. Hemingway" then gives us this "Nothoemist Poem,"

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not
want Him for long.

which, Mr. Pound informs us, "refers to events in what remains of the French world of letters."

Mr. John Rodker then fills the rest of the issue, with a rather better contribution, but interminable. Richard Aldington then addresses the editor thus, as one who

Now, in the eighth lustre of his career
When the libidinous itch for publicity
Should long ago have subsided into placid indifference
Madly casts away the only true felicity
For the ignominious servitude
And distracting toil
Of Editorship!
Light fall the blows upon his head—
For he will need all its thickness—
And let us regret the fall of this man
For he once had the courage
To be silent for several years.

And the editor then suggests in a footnote to his "Summary of the Situation," "Apart from Mr. Mencken and the New Masses, American thought is entirely covered by the Harding memorial stamp?" So, after war and revolution, there is still more of this post-war playboying,—but it has lost its freshness—quite—this kind of thing! Turn rather, since we were really entering the era of Armageddon,—turn to Wyndham Lewis's words on what happened then:

In the matter of revolutionary excitement there was indeed not much more to be got out of the plastic or graphic arts. Their purely "revolutionary" value exhausted after the war (which also eclipsed and luckily put an end to Marinetti's bellowings, besides killing off most of the "futurists"), their play-boy's place was taken by real, Red Revolution; just as Marinetti's post-Nietzschean war-doctrine became War, *tout court;* and then Fascismo, which as Futurism in practice, is the habit of mind and conditions of war applied to peace.

But in America, at the outbreak of war we had no Marinetti and no *Blast*. We were certainly not so artistic, in the main, as we were sociological.

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The "younger generation" of that day was far more interested in socialistic discussion than in aesthetics, or even than in liquor and dancing. It was a most serious time of youth. Walter Lippmann had followed his "Preface to Politics" with "Drift and Mastery," Jack Reed had put forth "Insurgent Mexico," the old *Masses* flourished brilliantly. The cause of Labor was to the fore. I. W. W. demonstrations vied with the amazing evangelistic campaign of Billy Sunday, "the baseball revivalist." The collapse of King George's Home Rule conference, the progress of the trial of Mme. Caillaux for the murder of Gaston Calmette, the election of Francisco Carbajal as the new provisional President of Mexico, were perhaps important news, but more vital industrial and economic problems engulfed us at home.

And then, suddenly, we all awoke to the true significance of Hapsburgs, Romanoffs and Hohenzollerns. A youth at Sarajevo fired the shot that diminished our immediate world. Before we knew it German cavalry captured Brussels and the Belgians retired to defend Antwerp. The appeal came sharply to us that the rules of war under the Hague treaty had been violated. We were aware of our position as a Powerful Neutral. . . .

But a professional review of the "book situation" informed us that, all commitments having already been accomplished, the "trade" was certainly not likely to suffer that season; and, as it was certain that competitive countries would now be engaged more profoundly in graver affairs than book publishing, the sale of American books might be expected even to "look up" in the future. We were, in fact, clinging for the time to the slogan "business as usual." Oh very much so!

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

Turgenev the Incomparable

TURGENEV. THE MAN, HIS ART, AND HIS AGE. By AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY. New York: The Century Co. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

ALTHOUGH many critical essays on Turgenev have appeared in English, notably one by his friend Henry James, and although Edward Garnett devoted an entire volume to the subject, this is the first work in our language that can truly be called a definitive biography. It is a tall volume of nearly four hundred pages, embellished with illustrations, some of which have never before been printed. The author is a Russian who has written this book in English; that his English is of the United States rather than of Great Britain, is apparent from the participle under the frontispiece. There are a number of other Americanisms; and while the style cannot be called distinguished, it is more dignified than that of many biographies of our day written by native Americans. It is always clear, unpretentious, disarmingly sincere.

The immense value of this book—I regard it as one of the really important books of the twentieth century—lies in the fact that the author went to the Russian sources and knew how to use them; also he has the rather unusual combination of the love of truth with the ability to tell it. I am a Turgenev idolater; and if I had known as much about his life as Mr. Yarmolinsky knows, I should not have been able to exercise such restraint, or to maintain such a judicial poise. For this biography is as objective as the art of its hero.

He nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice. In a time when the art of biography has descended to the art of innuendo, it is pleasant to read a writer who prefers facts to sensation. He has selected his material as one selects truth from falsehood, never for the purpose of scoring off his victim, or for theatrical distortion.

The author has studiously abstained from literary criticism and from appraisal; this is a biography, not an essay in criticism. But I hope that his next book will be a critical estimate of the position of Turgenev in the history of the novel, in the history of Russian literature, with a literary analysis of the separate works.

Naturally he does not think it necessary to rhapsodize on the qualities of Turgenev's art. The fact that he travelled to the other side of the world, and spent years of research in various libraries for material, is a sufficient commentary on his opinion of Turgenev's importance. Yet it is a little surprising that he can remain so aloof from his man, and report the story of his life in a detachment so complete, in a manner almost as cold as the library where he worked. Let me say then that his pitiless research has not lessened my admiration for Turgenev's character and personality: nothing could lessen my adoration of his art.

It is perhaps a natural contradiction in the eternal inconsistency of human nature, that Tolstoy, so passionate a Christian and the author of parables so beautiful that there has hardly been anything equal to them since the New Testament, Tolstoy, whose writings have aided in the evangelization of the world, should himself have been so disagreeable, so jealous, so incapable of admiration, so harshly intolerant; and that Turgenev, an absolute sceptic in religion, should have shown the fruits of the spirit in gentleness, loving-kindness, modesty, purity, with a certain royal graciousness, as unpretentious as it was aristocratic. No writer was ever more *agreeable* than Turgenev; few have shown themselves more disagreeable than Tolstoy. It was primarily, no doubt, a fundamental difference in temperament; but in this particular instance the worship of beauty produced more attractive manners than the worship of God.

It was the sight of a duel between an adder and a toad that destroyed Turgenev's religious faith; it is the sufferings of animals, according to Bishop Gore, that form the greatest obstacles to a belief in the love of God. Turgenev might have pushed the inquiry a step further; whence came his rage and despair at the spectacle? Why could he not view it with indifference?

The early chapters of the book deal with those two amazing persons, Turgenev's father and mother; he was unfortunate certainly in having such a mother; and although his attitude to woman was chivalrous and reverential—Victorian, if you like to call it that—he never gave us a mother who was both good and clever. The best mother in all his books is that marvellous peasant mother of Bazarof—nothing short of genius could have made such a portrait.

Mr. Yarmolinsky seems to believe that Turgenev was afflicted with a "flabbiness of will." But this characteristic, at least when compared with the Anglo-Saxon temperament, is more characteristic of the Slav in general than of Turgenev in particular. On this point, the testimony is universal. Turgenev, Dostoievsky, Chekhov, Sienkiewicz, Gorky, to name five very different men, testify to the same thing. The "typical" Russian man lacks will-power, perseverance, ability to bring things to pass; he is not "practical"; the women have he backbone. Rudin is the Slav label.

(If a frivolous word may be inserted in the review of so important a work, I counsel Yale men to turn to page 32, where they will find the youthful Turgenev giving the Yale football cheer!)

Turgenev's relations with student friends, and with the great critics, Belinsky and Herzen, are described in chapters of peculiar interest and value. Although an idealizer of women, and a master of the art of writing "love scenes," Turgenev was essentially a man's man, as became one whose chief recreation was shooting. In his student days, in the course of travel, and in the literary circles of Paris, he especially loved to be with men—his friendship with Flaubert is one of the notable friendships in history.

Which does not at all affect the chief intimacy of his life—his relations with Pauline Viardot. Every discoverable illumination is shed on this extraordinary friendship, which it is just possible was the only Platonic love on record. I am certain that I read somewhere—and it galls me to think I cannot find the reference in my notes, though I have diligently searched—that Turgenev gave Pauline Viardot the manuscript of a complete novel, with instructions that it was to be published ten years *after her death*, presumably because filled with recognizable portraits. He died in 1883, and actuarially speaking, she ought to have died about 1895. But the amazing woman lived till 1910. So sure was I of what I had read, that in 1920 I fully expected to see a new and full-length novel by Turgenev—what a thing to happen, and I had awaited it with eager expectation. Where is it?

Turgenev's plays, as it natural enough, are hardly more than mentioned; but I can supplement Mr. Yarmolinsky's comment with three additional facts. He says, "His most ambitious piece, 'A Month in the Country,' first entitled 'The Student,' was revived by the Moscow Art Treatre for the generation that applauded Chekhov." 1. Turgenev's plays, in one volume, have been recently translated into English by Doctor Max S. Mandell. 2. Mandell's translation of "A Month in the Country" was produced in London during the summer of 1926. 3. It has been accepted by the New York Theatre Guild; it will be produced next season, or shortly thereafter.

Those who are now excited over the eternal question of "the younger generation," should read the greatest novel ever written on this theme—"Fathers and Children"—and see what happened to Turgenev, because he chose to produce a work of art rather than write propaganda.

One of the reasons why Turgenev's expositions never satisfied anybody was because he was—exactly the opposite of H. G. Wells—always an artist and never a controversialist. One remark he made (cited by Mr. Yarmolinsky) is significant: "It always seems to me that exactly the opposite of what I say could be asserted with equal justice." There speaks the born artist and literary critic—imagine such a remark being made by Theodore Roosevelt or Woodrow Wilson!

Turgenev loved life, loved human nature, loved beauty; he disliked "views" of all kinds, and was bored by extremists. In answer to a lady who wrote him for information he said:

> I shall say briefly that I am, above all, a realist, and chiefly interested in the living truth of the human face; to everything supernatural I am indifferent, and I don't believe in absolutes and systems; I love freedom better than anything, and so far as I can judge I am sensitive to poetry. Everything human is dear to me, Slavophilism is alien, and so is all manner of orthodoxy.

No wonder such a man was hated by Herzen and the radicals, by the Orthodox nationalist Dostoievsky, and viewed with suspicion by the Czar. No wonder he was misunderstood by his French friends. But as it requires a certain amount of courage to be a root-and-branch man in politics, and a certain amount of courage to be a Fundamentalist in religion, so I think it also requires courage to proclaim only the truth as one sees it, and to keep one's head clear while the air is full of slogans.

Mr. Yarmolinsky has performed a permanent and invaluable service in writing an objective biography of a great objective novelist; his book is worth more than one careful reading, and there are chapters I shall reread many times.

Paul the Apostle

BROTHER SAUL. By DONN BYRNE. New York: The Century Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I WONDER what Donn Byrne was thinking about when he wrote this book! The publishers suggest "Ben Hur." The scene, the color, something of the style are the same, with Saul (Paul) instead of Christ at the heart of the story. But whereas Lew Wallace used Jesus and His times as a mere background, so to speak, against which to present a melodrama of his own invention, Donn Byrne is concerned primarily with the personal career of Saul of Tarsus, and thus deliberately sacrifices fiction to biography. "Ben Hur" was not the greatest historical novel ever written, but it told a thrilling tale with swiftness, passion, and cumulative interest. Its triple success as book, play, and movie shows with what skill its author appealed to the popular imagination. Never was Sunday school material so perfectly wrought into the substance of a "best-seller." But Donn Byrne, though he had the model before him, has not duplicated the feat. This book has no plot, no pattern of incident and character; it is a mere succession of scenes borrowed faithfully from the New Testament, reproduced with infinite labor over a wealth of imaginative detail, but containing not a hundredth part of the interest, say, of the "Book of Acts." We tired of the thing before we had turned the fiftieth of the nearly five hundred crowded pages.

I think it more likely that Donn Byrne had in mind Papini and his "Life of Christ." That amazing book was seriously described by its publishers as a biography, and it fooled the people as completely as any one of Barnum's old tricks. Of course there was not a vestige of serious biography in it. It was simply and solely a romantic rerendering of the gospel story, with Papini's turgid and inexhaustible rhetoric substituted for the simple and august chronicles of the evangelists. Donn Byrne, with ten times the honesty of Papini but scarcely a tithe of his gorgeous buncombe, has obviously tried to do with Paul what the Italian

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Papist did with Jesus. It is possible that he may succeed with the gullible public, but the chances are against him. Once is enough for this kind of thing, especially when the first juggler is the more clever artist of the two.

Donn Byrne has a wonderful theme—second only to what Lew Wallace staked out for himself and found to be a gold-mine. We like to think of what a real genius of historical romance would have done with it. Sir Walter Scott, for example! To remember what this immortal story teller did with the crusades, is to know what he would have done with an earlier period of Christian history had he gone back that far. But even Donn Byrne might have done much better had he written his own story instead of rewriting à la Papini a story already familiar and not to be improved by being endlessly embroidered with the tinsel thread of verbose imagination. Driven to stretch out the tale of Saul of Tarsus to the proportions of a modern novel, Donn Byrne piles up names like Homer's catalogue of ships, and masses of detail like a poet's note book. Turn to almost any page, and you encounter this sort of thing:

> The city was always a wonder to him. The Jews and Arabs laughed at it, holding Jerusalem and Damascus to be surpassing cities; but the red plain of Tarsus, red earth and red poppies, and the silver sea before it, and back of it the mountains of Tarsus, dour, threatening as an army with horsemen, held, would always hold his loyalty. Flat-roofed houses, red flowers and green trailing vines, and Cydnus, the river . . . surely Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, were not the equal of it.

Or this:

> In Tiberias, he did feel better. The cool Galilean lake, murmuring on the shingles in the night-time, helped him to the first night's sleep he had had since he left Jerusalem. The breeze shimmered in the soft walnut and fig and palm trees, and even the sight of the pagan acropolis and the Roman ships of war, gave him a feeling of home. . . . He slept thankfully, seeing that, after tonight, they would have to bivouac in the Syrian desert. In the morning he was greeted by the blue sea; and on the way to Capernaum, as they rode along the oleander-bordered road, there burst on Saul's eyes, a pillar of silver and gold, Mount Hermon . . . "the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus," Solomon called it. . . . when they crossed the Jordan . . . vast boulders . . . cinders . . . soft dust of lava . . . Abraham . . . Syrian flock.

Forced to make his tale romantic, Donn Byrne piles adjective on adjective. Swords are "thirsty"; mountain slopes are "wolf-trodden" or "panther-haunted"; the night is "soft-autumnal"; phylacteries "broad," trees "chaste"; and the new moon "shrill." Ambitious to be poetical, Donn Byrne crowds his story with metaphors as a side-street jeweler crowds his windows with cheap watches and diamonds. "His voice was like the hissing of whips"; "Stephen stood straight as a spear"; "the girls were like flowering almond-trees"; Anna was beside him "silver as the bits of the Roman horses, white, precious as chaste silver"; "the sky closed in like the sides and roof of a tent. There was a crackling in the air, like thorns under a pot. . . . The winged horse of the ensign was like a lighted lamp . . and the ensign's face white and set as the face of a dead man." All of which is like the new Paramount Theatre for elaboration of sham splendor!

Of characterization, as of plot, the story has nothing. Men and women appear and pass in endless procession like supernumeraries at the opera. There is not a vestige of psychological insight into the vast spiritual phenomenon of the Saul who became Paul. The New Testament tale is told and retold; except for the endless trappings of classic Rome, it might quite as well be the story of any Christian convert in any Christian age. Indeed, by the time I was half way through the book, I had the idea I was reading a "movie" scenario, and was already busy fitting the Hollywood gentlemen and ladies into the cast.

Such writing, in the guise of historical fiction, is really terrible. It amuses for a time for its sheer juvenility; it bores after a time for its suffocating tedium. Donn Byrne labored hard over this book; his show of learning and artistry is enormous. He may have his reward in the adulation of those who can be entranced by the mumbo-jumbo of a spear-head, a saddle-girth, a grunting camel, a golden mountain, and Jordan flowing "with the shy, proud joy of brides." But trappings are not souls, and artificiality is not art. After reading chapter XVII, describing Paul's voyage and shipwreck in the journey to Rome, I advise the reader to turn to the twenty-seventh chapter of "Acts" and note the difference between reality and sham.

The Bowling Green.

Toulemonde, IV

More Than a Place to Live—A Way of Living. . . .
That was the sign I saw (said Toulemonde)
Painted on a big New York hotel.
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To strictly meditate the thankless Muse
When some tough hardboiled Advertising Man
Strikes off at random such pentameter,
So perfectly hendecasyllabled,
So strong with Christ's (or Buddha's) inward truth.
Buddha under the figtree Ajapala
Might have said just that.

So in this town
Where men up-end their poetry on sky,
Flash it in chains of crawling yellow cars
Round Elevated curves on rainy nights,
No wonder the mere poet lags behind.
If even the chance phrases of her trading
Can utter such felicitous evangel,
How versify her pinnacled perspectives?
Vacate, my Muse! Like Milton's easy friend
I'm for the tangles of Neæra's hair.

It isn't tangled any more, I said.
She's had it cut. The word I'd use is —

Never mind what word *you'd* use, he cried.
I have my own. Don't take my word away.
It's all I have, tonight. I earned it, too.
Phew . . . great Heavens, man, you frightened me.

More Than a Place to Live—A Way of Living. . . .
On every corner, if we don't look out,
These laughing architects and engineers
Will steal our thunder, and our lightning too.
While we were mumbling our uncertainties
They've shot their crisscross lattice in the blue.
Some prosody!

I know a peanut roaster
Down on Beekman Street, beneath the Woolworth:
Below that crickneck glimpse, hid in a corner,
It whines a little shrilling monotone,
A singsong like the chant a child will keen
To keep his courage up, By God, that's us,
Poets—Prometheus once, who stole God's fire,
Grilling goobers in a twirling oven,
Hissing little jets of plaintive steam.

Have you ever watched unpracticed actors
Tackle a passage written in blank verse?
Noticed how it frightens them, the darlings!
Oh yes, in ordinary sides of prose
Or rhymed in custom, we'll divulge ourselves
With manly declamation, unabashed.
But then suppose we have to take the stage
Aware of conscious beauty in the lines—
Frightened? I'll say we're frightened! Quite right, too:
Blank verse is no trick of elocution:
Blood must collaborate. The pause, the accent,
The ellipses and the run-on of the sense
You must divine. Perhaps it's life's own method—
Strict music underneath, but variation
In the individual technique.
It's not surprising that we're terrified
And drink our Beauty as we drink our Barsac
(This golden anæsthetic, smuggled in)
Furtive in some enclave of Italy.

I don't see anything furtive about this,
I couldn't help objecting, as I watched
The merry crowd of outlaws round the room.
Besides, Silenus, you can't always drink
Straight from the bottle's neck. You'd miss the color,
The shape and ceremony of the glass.
Maybe we poets haven't quite kept pace
With other climbing arts. But there you are,
They deal so close with actuality,
Drink life from the bottle. We must cool
Our vintage, pour it in the proper crystal,
Hold it to the light, and drink the toast.
See how that green is dabbled in the gold—
Good God, man, what can be more actual
Than the inward fury of the heart?
I knew a woman once, so beautiful
Butterflies came and perched upon her shoulder—

This seemed to me irrelevant. Besides
It started meditations of my own
That needed checking. So I merely said,
Do you recall that gorgeous line of Walt's
"Hast thou, O pellucid, medicine for case like mine?"

Yes, the pellucid is good medicine,
And Oh, I feel it working, feel it working:
Warm April night, trees not in folio,
When summer stars were crowded into spring—
Bare days when the white dazzle of the noon
Pressed cruelly on nerves, and one would pray
To be a terrier idle in the sun.
Yet ere some other April greens me over
And braggart earth's still warm between my hands
I'll build a word or two—perhaps a poem
That even architects might compliment.
Tall enough and strong enough to lodge in
(More Than a Place to Live—A Way of Living)
And looking down from its high terraces
See all the taxies hurrying in the rain.

You and I, like a brace of dachshund firedogs,
Have carried burning faggots on our backs.
He smiled, and added: I daresay it's happened,
Sometimes, to the very nicest people.

Come then; let's go to dinner. We might try
Things unattempted yet in food or drink.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Charming Book

THE DARK GENTLEMAN. By G. B. STERN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

MISS STERN never lets her reader down. She is at times, perhaps too artful and fantastic. But she is always entertaining and vivid. Her story about dogs is a satire of extreme elegance and humor, charmingly conceived and beautifully executed. In fact it has about everything it ought to have and is a new kind of story into the bargain.

Animals have served various purposes in the history of literature. They have been used to point morals, illustrate virtues, and excoriate vices. The Panchatantra, Aesop, Reynard the Fox, Puss in Boots, "Black Beauty," "The Jungle Books," "The Call of the Wild" reach almost every human experience good, bad, or sentimental under cover of their respective conventions. Kipling has made the most imaginative epic of our time out of these materials. And Miss Stern has given us a new perspective on sentimental history, and has become the Jane Austen and the Charlotte Brontë of the dog.

It would be easy to take men seriously, if they were not so sure of their importance. Miss Stern with incredible lightness of touch and perfect taste has transferred the situation of a passionate romantic novel to the domain of dogdom. Naturally it is not the dogs who get showed up. The transient emotion of the beast offers a complete foil to the theoretically permanent quality of men and women, and we are left ruminating on actualities, which strangely enough the author had intended. *Che passione, marionetti!* said the Italian playwright. We might alter one word of a classic to express Miss Stern's more gentle admonition:

> The *puppies* answered with a grin,
> "Why, what a temper you are in!"

Once in a way a reviewer may be permitted a little enthusiasm. This is a charming book by a charming person. I'm glad it came my way. I am sick and tired of confounded serious-minded realists, of heavy-handed dissections of Psyche's butterfly-wings. How comely and how reviving to have a book come along by a writer who recognizes the duty of being gracefully entertaining, and who never lets you down.

From England comes the information that a new publishing firm, Messrs. Gerald & Howe, will bring out as their first novel a work by the American poet, Conrad Aiken, to be called "Blue Voyage."

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Books of Special Interest

Current Poetry

THE BEST POEMS OF 1926. Edited by L. A. G. STRONG. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1927. $2.

BRAITHWAITE'S ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE FOR 1926 AND YEAR BOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY. Edited by WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE. Boston: B. J. Brimmer. 1927.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MAGAZINE verse has always presented a mixture of problems and contrasts. But the year 1926—one of the poorest in actual poetic yield—furnished the greatest differences in taste, technique, and opportunity for the anthologist of unconsidered trifles. No greater contrast can be imagined than the volumes issued by Messrs. Strong and Braithwaite. Mr. Strong is reticent and selective; Mr. Braithwaite flounders among overstatements and a conspicuous lack of standards. Mr. Strong's collection comes to us in a neat little format which, for all its slimness, looks a little too much like "The Oxford Book of English Verse" to be truly modest; Mr. Braithwaite's, on the other hand, is quite the ugliest volume ever printed: its physical appearance is about as attractive as a tome on the Diseases of the Kidneys, it weighs two and a half pounds, it contains seven hundred and fifty overcrowded pages. And this is not a summary of all the verse published last year, but (presumably) a selection! Somehow the more Mr. Braithwaite includes in his continually fattening anthologies, the worse they get. It is no longer a distinction to find one's self in the brownstone monument of mediocrity, but something to mention only with a deprecating shrug. One imagines that the representative poets have yielded to the editor's pleading partly because they are conscious of his early "services to the cause," partly because they are sorry for him. For one poem by a Frost, an H.D., a MacLeish, there are whole batches by such inconspicuous versifiers as Thelma Lucile Lull, Alberta Bancroft, Morris Abel Beer, E. Ralph Cheyney, Le Baron Cooke, Scofield Thayer, Henry Harrison, and others too humorous to mention.

But if Mr. Braithwaite is negligible as a flower-gatherer of verse, he is altogether hopeless as an assembler of prose. The fourteen introductory prefaces which presume to start the poetry of these states into geographical card-indexes are (with the exception of E. Merrill Root's arousing paper on "The Poetry of the Mid-West") without point or value. The further attempt to divide the result racially and religiously is even more unhappy. There are chapters on "The Catholic Poets of America," "The Jewish Poets of America" (a crude listing of unknown names and obscure magazines), "The Negro Poets of America." One looks—and is somewhat surprised not to find—"The Presbyterian Poets of America," "The Methodist Poets of Minnesota," "The Non-Conformist Poets of Calaveras County."

The omissions are, after all, the most interesting part of Mr. Braithwaite's huge circus. A diligent search fails to reveal a single poem by Carl Sandburg, E. A. Robinson, Conrad Aiken, John Crowe Ransom, John Gould Fletcher, Elinor Wylie. The "Biographical Dictionary of Poets in the United States" (some forty-three pages of the smallest type ever seen between covers) tells us that Mary J. Elmendorf's favorite poets are Shakespeare, Coleridge, and Mrs. Browning; that "no poet had any influence during the formative period" of Stanton Jonathan Fendell; that the chief interest of Charlotte Roberta Mish is humane work for children and animals. But one cannot discover in this erratic who's who as much as the names of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elinor Wylie, Carl Sandburg, Alfred Kreymborg, Robert Frost. And so it goes. . . . What few memorable poems or "items of interest" there may be are buried in a bog of uncertain preferences, unreliable editing and general banality in bulk.

Mr. Strong, too wise to commit Mr. Braithwaite's yearly blunder, is handicapped by his material. It is anything but an inspiring volume he has put together. But with the presentation of such comparative newcomers as Richard Church, Dorothy Reid, Virginia Moore, and Monte Gibbon, he has produced a not uninteresting one.

A Browning Play

CAPONSACCHI: A PLAY. By ARTHUR GOODRICH and ROSE A. PALMER. New York: Appleton & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

BROWNING was a dramatist manqué. He, who could not write a lyric without creating a dramatic situation for it, and one who created more characters—and characters always in conflict—than any other British poet since Shakespeare, proved utterly inept when working within the strict dramatic form. And by a supreme irony he chose to present that one of his themes best adapted to the stage—the theme of "The Ring and the Book"—in a manner which insured it the administration of lady school-teachers and the neglect of all other mortals. Now, more than thirty years after Browning's death, the collaboration of a great playwright and a great actor, Arthur Goodrich and Walter Hampden (Rose A. Palmer's part seems to have been merely the initial suggestion of the idea) has given to the world the play that was hidden somewhere in Browning's vitals and that he never could get out. To call the author of such clever trifles as "So This Is London" a great playwright may seem absurdly overbold, but there is no other name to express adequately the success of Mr. Goodrich's amazing achievement.

"The Ring and the Book," it will be remembered, tells the same story over ten times from ten different points of view, and each speaker, while occasionally taking a spurt into quintessential poetry, seems in the main to have tried to outdo his predecessor in long-windedness. To adapt Browning's dinosaur to the lithe requirements of the stage called for the entire reconstruction of the animal. Unity had to be substituted for diversity; scenes merely narrated had to be presented in action; many more lines had to be supplied than could be retained from the original; and yet—so Mr. Goodrich interpreted his task—the spirit of Browning must preside over the result, in whole and in part. And the play when it left his hands was the very play that Browning—not the Browning of the Browningites, of course, but the dramatic Browning—ought to have written but didn't.

Mr. Goodrich has taken the essential emotional theme of "The Ring and the Book," the priest Caponsacchi's ideal love for Pompilia, and developed it through six scenes which are the dramatization of the story told by the priest, in the Prologue and Epilogue, at the husband's trial for murder. This, of course, is an old device, but it has never been used more effectively. Act I presents the carnival at Arezzo where the priest first meets the young Pompilia and learns of Guido's cruelty to her; the three scenes of Act II cover his decision to go to her assistance, their flight, and their surprise by Guido; the two of Act III show their examination by the judges and Pompilia's murder. Thus constructed, the play moves swiftly and inevitably toward its climax. The change in Caponsacchi's character from frivolity to nobility under the influence of his love for Pompilia is treated judiciously and without mawkishness; and Pompilia herself, freed from the habit of tortured allusiveness which Browning in his later years forced upon all his characters, stands forth convincingly as the simple saintly girl-wife he intended her to be. The one defect in characterization lies in the presentation of Guido who in Mr. Goodrich's hands, it must be confessed, loses entirely the complex and interesting personality that Browning had bestowed upon him.

The most striking point about the play, however, is the fact that Mr. Goodrich's blank verse is sufficiently like Browning's own to be usually indistinguishable from it. He has retained nearly all the great speeches of the original, with elsewhere here a line and there a phrase, all blended into his own work without a break. The peculiar cadences of Browning—extraordinarily individual as these are—meet us here at every turn. To close with a brief example: in the following passage which is Browning and which is Goodrich?

But she lives on, speaks here and now through me,
To make the truth apparent, God's own truth,
Lest men believe a lie. Have I been calm?
Shown you Pompilia? Oh, they've killed her, sirs!
Can I be calm? No longer. I have done.

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Foreign Literature

Italy in England

L'ITALIA NEL DRAMMA INGLESE. By Piero Rébora. Milan. "Modernissima."

Reviewed by MERRITT Y. HUGHES
Univeristy of California

SIGNOR RÉBORA has written his outline of the Italian elements in the English drama between 1558 and 1642 in the scientific spirit, but his devotion to truth is agreeably and sometimes amusingly tempered by a portentous patriotism. His great qualification to write the book—aside from a competent knowledge of the Elizabethan theatre — is his hundred percentism. Strangely enough, his devotion to science is helped by his patriotic prejudices. He writes not as a mere pedant nor even as a mere literary critic, but as a Historian of Culture. As such he finds himself not very regretfully obliged to discuss much that Swinburne swept together as "belonging rather to the historic province of antiquarian curiosity than to the æsthetic or spiritual Kingdom of English Poetry." There is nothing which a Historian of Culture may not discuss and, if his science is attuned to the spirit of *Giovanezza*, there is no Philistine prejudice which he may not indulge with assurance. If, like Signor Rébora, he dislikes the Italian pastoral, he needs only to quote Bacon's remark that, "These things are but toys," and to reflect that De Sanctis's admiration for the Italian pastoral drama is—thanks to the god of these real and earnest times—out of date.

Signor Rébora's patriotism several times becomes evangelical and carries him into an excursus anent the traditional fascination of Italian criticism with "men like Tasso and Guarini, who mask their melancholy and unsocial lubricity under a cloak of idealistic sighs." He commends to his countrymen the claims of Giordano Bruno, of Campanella, or Sarpi, and of Boccalini. He is perturbed by the amorality of Renaissance Italy and of its story-tellers. "An admirable narrator, Bandello, observe the critics," says Signor Rébora, and adds, "Let our notation be that he was a cynical and perverse writer." In the Elizabethan drama he sometimes finds gleams of the moral beauty that he misses in Italy. "Why is it that never a single tragedy in seven centuries of national literature in Italy can boast of a pathetic scene like that of the death of 'The Duchess of Malfi' by John Webster?" he demands. In "the immortality of Ford" he sees "an immortality uniquely to be identified with Italy. Passion is the sole law. What harm is there in incest? What harm is there in any crime, when a strong inclination impels us to it?" "Englishmen," Rébora laments, "when they abandoned themselves to debauchery, often went beyond their corrupt Italian masters," and in Greene's motto, *Consuetudo peccandi tollit sensum peccandi,* he regrets a reminiscence of Aretino instead of observing an anticipation of Pope.

There are many moments in "L'Italia nel dramma inglese" when the author threatens to don the robes of a prophet compounded of Jeremiah, Herbert Spencer and Giovanni Gentile. But he is never in any danger of betraying his country. He follows up his criticism of "The Duchess of Malfi" with a passage congratulating Italy upon having remained mystical and universal, passionate and spontaneous and therefore capable of a high destiny and rich in the elements of great tragedy and of gay comedy, while Protestant England has rationalized, formalized and starved its playwrights of the stuff of which dramas are made.

So, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Italy was England's Helicon. Rébora presses Italy's claims hard in every species of drama written from Lyly to Webster and Ford. He avoids the substance of exaggeration remarkably well, but he is strangely fond of its appearance. "The Italian theatre," he asserts roundly, "in spite of all assertions to the contrary, was the prime source of the Elizabethans." *Pace* Professor Bond, "Mother Bombie" owes more to the *Commedia dell'arte* than it does to Terence, and indeed the extempore mimes were "one of the principal channels through which sixteenth century Italy penetrated England. Though details are hard to verify, we believe that a great part of Plautus and Terence, many comic personages, many dramatic situations and many allusions and fragments of information about the manners and the spirit of Italy found their way into the Elizabethan theatre by way of the *Commedia dell'arte.*" Straight down the conventional rubric of types of plays on the Elizabethan stage Rébora goes, debating the ultramontanism of each, and his series of briefs for the affirmative are an excellent summary of the evidence which research about his subject has collected. Though his conclusions are often vaguely sweeping, the reader is never in any danger of being misled and he always feels grateful for the compact masses of information. Rébora is at his best in his analyses of the Italianism of individual playwrights and of the specific contributions of the Italian novelists—notably of Cinthio as the originator of many English romantic heroines from Greene's Dorothea in "James IV." to Shakespeare's Desdemona. Better, probably, than anyone who has ever written on the subject he understands the motives and the limitations of the very diverse Italianisms of Jonson, of Marston and of Webster, and he states the case for each with sure insight, because, as it happens, all these men are seen more clearly for being viewed in the not always very clear light of his Latin prejudices. His prejudices, of course, give his book its main interest and its unique, if limited, authority.

Calzada's Life

CINCUENTA ANOS DE AMERICA, Volume I. Rafael Calzada. Obras Completas, Tomo IV. Jesus Menendez, Buenos Aires, 1926.

Reviewed by FRANK CALCOTT
Columbia University Extension

FROM the Argentine comes another autobiography, that of Rafael Calzada. He tells of events and happenings as he saw them, but for the most part he tells of them in the most impersonal manner. He rapidly passes over his childhood; in fact, the whole period before leaving home is sketched with only a few broad strokes. It is not until he finds himself, now an independent young man established in the office of the famous Pi y Margall, that he really finds his stride, and paints a vivid description of the scenes he himself witnessed as a newspaper reporter. These are among the best in the book. In addition, his version of the fall of the Spanish republic in 1874 will be of special interest to historians, while the sketch of Pi y Margall contains personal touches and side lights to be found nowhere else.

In his account of his life in the Argentine the North-American reader will be impressed by the spirit of loyalty to Spain continually manifested in the Spanish colony of Buenos Aires. This feeling makes the group the target for much unpleasant criticism and considerable hard feelings. Calzada himself firmly refused to change his allegiance even when, on one occasion at least, it seemed that to do so would assure his political future. As most of his compatriots, he is continually dreaming of the time when he will be able to retire, return to Spain, and die in peace among his native hills.

Another uncommon feature of this autobiographical sketch of a busy lawyer is the considerable space given to recounting the various Juegos Florales (Floral Games), the annual literary contests sponsored by the business men and organizations of Buenos Aires.

It is a pity that Dr. Calzada yields too often to the temptation to write history, including in the body of the text long lists of names of those present at certain functions, or lists of officers of certain organizations, as well as other purely bibliographical and reference material. This often mars a book which would otherwise be a delightful and interesting narrative.

Volume I is brought abruptly to an end with his marriage at 37 years of age to the 16 year old daughter of the President of Paraguay—another link of the chain binding him to Spain is broken.

Errata

We regret that "The Annals of the New York Stage" in our "Books of the Spring" on April 23rd was credited to George C. D. O'Neill instead of Professor C. D. Odell; also that Pierre La Mazière's "I'll Have a Fine Funeral" was ascribed to the wrong publishing firm. This latter book is published by Brentano's.

TO THE LAND OF THE EAGLE
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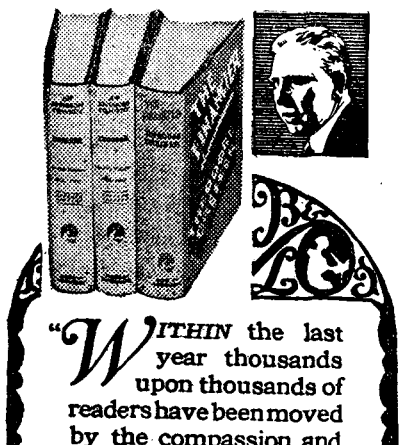

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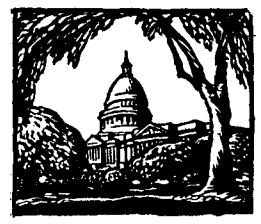
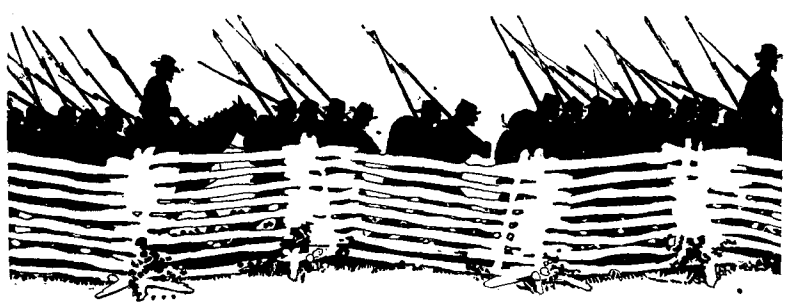


By James Boyd, *Author of* "Drums"



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Points of View

Niven's "Wild Honey"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I have a very definite protest to make regarding the review of my book, "Wild Honey," in your issue of April 2nd. The very last thing that criticism should burden itself with is imputation, and your review begins thus: "If Mr. Niven hoped that these recollections would adapt themselves to the demands of the novel, he has been disappointed."

I had clearly hoped no such thing. That remark baffles me to explain in view of my first chapter, in which I make a statement that "Wild Honey" is not fiction, but a direct narrative from life, documentary. It is, among other things, a record of a passing phase of life in the west. I lived every moment of this book with these men. I had no desire to conform to a standard, but to write truth. Your reviewer finds my hoboes sentimentalized. To that I can only say that I knew these two men, having travelled with them in the rambling journey which I have recorded. It is a human narrative, a document, not a novel.

By reviewing it as a novel and then condemning it for not being what it was never intended to be (and what I even state in my first chapter it is not), *The Saturday Review* has transgressed one of the first principles of criticism and perpetrated what is a piece of carelessness, or injustice unworthy of its standards.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

Prohibition Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Only a few days ago have I had opportunity to read the review in your February 5th issue of my "Prohibition at Its Worst," by my respected friend Fabian Franklin, and the comments on that review, claiming it was unfair or biased, by Mr. Alfred H. Holt, February 26th, and Mr. Harold S. Davis, April 16th, together with your two editorial notes in defense of your selection of Mr. Franklin as reviewer.

In the last editorial note you say that "there is left always the resource of a reply," which suggests that you are not averse to allowing me a little space.

First, let me acknowledge with thanks Mr. Franklin's generous tribute to my "standing as a statistical inquirer." He seems mystified that, in this book, I have, as he believes, fallen from grace.

Secondly, let me admit that the changes in the strictness of enforcement of the police in arresting for drunkenness cannot be gauged with any accuracy. Corradini's estimate that, before Prohibition, the arrests were only forty per cent efficient while after Prohibition they were ninety per cent efficient are very rough.

But I would remind the reader that this admission is contained in the book itself, as Mr. Franklin rather grudgingly states.

But Mr. Franklin misses the main point of these drunkenness statistics as I have given them. Their purpose was not at all to offer an exact estimate of my own but to answer the misleading figures of Mr. Shirk, of the "Moderation League." Had not Mr. Shirk, (who had omitted the factor of changing strictness of enforcement altogether) laid great stress on drunkenness statistics, I should have paid little, if any, attention to such statistics; for they are, at best, as Mr. Franklin points out, of very little worth.

The forty to ninety ratio of improvement is, however, the best estimate which has been offered. Though rough, it is not unreasonable. My reason for so believing is twofold; first, my faith in Corradini's conscientious attempt to report the facts and, secondly, my own attempt (since the book was written) to check up his estimate by writing over 600 police chiefs.

The only real substance which I find in Mr. Franklin's criticism is as to applying this forty to ninety ratio indiscriminately to all parts of the country. In my haste to complete the book in the time required I delegated important functions to my able assistants and, it was only when the charts were finished, that I discovered, too late for change, that the charts had all been made with this uniform correction. All I could do was to call attention in certain cases, as in New York and Philadelphia, to the probability of large deviations from the average. In my revised edition I have applied the forty to ninety ratio only to the country as a whole, omitting it in the other charts. Had Mr. Franklin had this new edition when he wrote his review he would have had no basis on which to make his criticism.

I cannot admit, therefore, that Mr. Franklin has any justification for his conclusion that, while in my other books I have shown fairmindedness, I fail in that regard on the subject of Prohibition.

The only other point made by Mr. Franklin is that my treatment of personal liberty is "puerile" and "absurd," but he is content to apply these opprobrious terms without offering any argument to substantiate them.

I can only conclude that Mr. Franklin has not taken the pains to inform himself on what alcohol, in common with morphine, and other narcotic habit-forming drugs really does to undermine the nervous system, and which justifies the phrase "slavery to drink." It is just because emancipation from this slavery enlarges human liberty that I believe in such emancipation through Prohibition. Of course the slight harm done to the moderate drinker would not justify Prohibition if he never turned into an immoderate drinker. But the fact that there always is harm and never any substantial genuine benefit makes the personal liberty argument rather hollow. Such liberty to do oneself harm may well be sacrificed for the good of the whole, just as long ago the locomotive engineers voted to require total abstinence to make more certain that no locomotive engineer should be drunk at his post. In a sense we are all locomotive engineers in our complex civilization.

IRVING FISHER.

Yale University.

As to Trade Winds

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

We know a bookseller who would give his personal copy of the Papé "Jurgen" for the gift of tap-dancing to the banjo (he plays one) strains of Swanee River. And P. E. G. Quercus is, we take it, about the sort of bookseller Christopher Morley would be. His conversations are enjoyable and edifying, there is a sprinkling of the newer titles and Jocunda and Young Amherst provide love interest. But why call the serial "Trade Winds"?

Well, we all have our dreams and the newbooks game may be like that. From lower Fourth Avenue it is hard to say. Seen through the turmoil of Macy's incurable price-cutting (and, to boot, every now and then corraling an author to autograph his opus at no extra charge) and Brentano's super-service and Dutton's admirable advertising and Womrath's far-flung libraries—why P. E. G.'s equanimity appears superb.

Yet let the Trade Winds blow. All week we of lower Fourth Avenue, entrenched back of the fifteen-two-for-a-quarter sidewalk tables, battle heroically with rah-rah boys from NYU, co-eds looking for that book by Boccacio, maiden ladies after the latest fiction and not minding if it is a trifle used, ambitious stock clerks, truck drivers, genealogists, incipient dentists, theosophists, presidents' picture contestants, ladies of the White House contestants, Elbert Hubbard scrapbook culture hounds, amateur magicians, geniuses from the Village yogis, Tarzan addicts, Willdurant philosophers, scenario writers, chiropractors—O a motley mob. All week, we repeat, until Saturday night.

Then we limp home, Froude's Life and Letters of Erasmus under one arm and *The Saturday Review* under the other. Erasmus is for Sunday readingn but we open the *Review* immediately. And Trade Winds waft us far, far away.

In fine, as literature of escape P. E. G. is grand; and sometimes—well doggone if we don't sometimes wonder if the newbooks game isn't like that.

T. B.

New York City.

One of the greatest statute recodifications ever accomplished is now available in what is unquestionably the largest law book ever published. The 2,000-page volume which may be purchased from the Government Printing Office contains within its covers all the thousands of Federal laws, previously scattered through many volumes. In the new statutes all laws in force December 7, 1925, are shown. The volume has an appendix which includes the laws in force between that date and December 6, 1926. The book is the first official codification of the general and permanent laws of the United States since 1878.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

FIFTY BOOKS. Exhibited by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. John Day. $3.50.

PRINTING FOR COMMERCE. Specimens Exhibited by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. John Day. $3.50.

Belles Lettres

A LITERARY MAN'S LONDON. By C. G. HARPER. Lippincott. 1926. $4.50.

Mr. Harper chatters very amiably, if a little garrulously, as he guides his reader through "literary" London. He seldom strays far from Grub Street and most of the ghosts he raises make the faintest and briefest possible appearances. His anecdotes are usually happy, though haphazard and not always to the point. For the most part he covers ground already sufficiently familiar. Nevertheless, in spite of his casual manner, clumsy humour and disjointed prose, he has written a readable and not unentertaining book. The chapter on "penny dreadfuls" is really fascinating and leaves us pondering as to why nobody has yet explored the same country with map and compasses. Mr. Harper illustrates the text himself and his pen-and-ink sketches deserve a word of praise.

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE and other essays. By ALBERT MATHIEZ. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. Knopf. 1927. $4.

In a series of twelve semi-connected essays, Professor Mathiez, of the University of Dijon, continues the work begun in previous volumes to clear Robespierre of the mass of misinformation which he says surrounds his name. While he asserts that his guiding principle is "to serve nothing but the truth, and to tell it in its entirety," yet he also says "he is a poor servant of truth who is incapable of wrath when she is outraged," and his work sometimes partakes of a polemic character which would lead the average reader to suspect in the author a penchant towards the justice of Robespierre's cause. There have been, however, so many volumes of late years which seek to find flaws in the characters of great men that it is perhaps logical to expect other books which will attempt to rehabilitate the reputations of some of those hitherto regarded as most vulnerable.

It may be admitted at the start that the traditional picture drawn by Carlyle of Robespierre as a monster was not exactly just. In fact, he was that rare figure in public life—the man who serves ideals rather than seeks for his own advancement. Not for nothing was he called the "Incorruptible." Yet of all the famous and infamous figures of the Revolution, it is this honest, truthful, hard-working young lawyer who, following the principles of his spiritual master, Rousseau, made the end justify the means he employed. It was he who said "Louis must die, that the country may live," thus helping to seal the fate of his king. Admitted that he was not the inventor of the Terror, that he was taken into the Great Committee for the popularity of his name, and that he did not invent its machinery, yet no explanation can palliate his fanatic devotion to the carrying out of the Red Terror after the downfall of Hébert and Danton. Perhaps he was more than a bit mad when he, following Rousseau again, inaugurated the Festival of the Supreme Being. He undeniably used his power—his great power—to further the Terror because he sincerely believed in this way he would attain his ideal. Like Savonarola, who also believed in ideals, he was crushed by the impetus of the machinery he had helped to set in motion.

Fiction

LATTERDAY SYMPHONY. By ROMER WILSON. Knopf. 1927. $2.

Four men love a woman, and she clings to the one who meets her simplicity with an equal simplicity. The other three are too complicated for her elementary consciousness; she is worried and annoyed when they talk a language emotionally and intellectually beyond her. But each of them thinks he can win her, for each reads into her emptiness the very qualities that he demands. This subtle fable from Miss Wilson is full of sadness.

She has written it in a beautifully sensitive prose and has surrounded it with an artificial atmosphere of neurotic sophistication. The result is a little story (not more than 25,000 words) that will be of no satisfaction to the average reader; however, he who considers himself thoroughly emancipated from the emotional realities of life may find in it a mirror to his own imagined isolation. But for all others it will remain merely a trick that is performed with perfect skill. Most of us, thank God, will never meet a group of people so introspective and unhappy as the three thwarted lovers. We realize, however, that they are significant exaggerations of a not unfamiliar type.

There are masterly passages in "Latterday Symphony." Of these the best is the unforgettable account of Lady Caroline's party. The characters are for the most part successful in their *bizarrerie;* above them all stands out Lindsay Jackson, an American negro who is a romantic past cure, infinitely pathetic, yet spiritually robust. He is a memorable achievement. The distinctly esoteric importance of the novel lies in its sympathetic account of a brittle, unreal society. If Miss Wilson continues in this field and method she will soon have one of those "underground reputations" (as Arnold Bennett, speaking of Ambrose Bierce, called them) that so exhilarate our illuminati.

GEORGE WESTOVER. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Macmillan. 1927. $2.

UP HILL AND DOWN DALE. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Macmillan. 1927. $2.

The action of Mr. Phillpotts' novel begins in 1871 when his hero, Sir George Westover, a retired Judge of the Court of Madras, and a pronounced Tory, is already a man of seventy-six. It ends with his death in the 'eighties, some years after his fourth marriage, a convincing marriage, at the age of eighty-two, which probably breaks previous records in literature, not even excepting that Gilbertian marriage whose offspring was the precocious baby of the Bab Ballads. Out of this unpromising material Mr. Phillpotts has woven a story that might almost be called idyllic. It deals with a thousand and one details that have been persistently decried by recent critics of the Victorian era, reclothing them with dignity and significance. Mr. Phillpotts recaptures the atmosphere of the period and makes it charming without resorting to obvious falsifications. His characterization does not fail to take full account of the superficialities and prejudices which our enlightened selves, among others, have so often pointed out among the weaknesses of the Victorian mind. But after so many sickening potions of our own siren tears, the realistic dialogue and catch-as-catch-can love affairs of so many current novels, it is a pleasure to welcome George Westover and his little corner of the English world. The book is a relief.

"Up Hill, Down Dale" is a collection of short stories in Mr. Phillpotts' bucolic vein. They are of the simplest nature, dependent on some more or less mechanical situation. The author is skillful enough to conceal most of the mechanism but he tends to rely overmuch on the kind of local colour that made his play "The Farmer's Wife" so phenomenally popular in the London theatre during several recent seasons. These tales are far below the artistic level of "George Westover," but, like everything Mr. Phillpotts writes, they are consistently entertaining.

DAPHNE ADEANE. By MAURICE BARING. Harpers. 1927. $2.50.

All the people in "Daphne Adeane" live in the England that Mr. Baring knows so well, the England of the pleasantest social, literary and political associations. Yet the normal interests of such circles play an entirely subordinate part in the tale. The story has to do almost entirely with loving, forgetting, and loving again, with the faithlessness possible to even the sincerest of lovers, and, toward the end, with the Catholic doctrine of sacrifice, of the compensating balm of renunciation.

The men and women in the book are all well-bred and sophisticated, mostly married and involved in "affairs." These affairs progress according to a seemly code of their own: certain responsibilities to the world of appearances are recognized, and deserted mates subject any jealousy they may feel to a well-developed sense of decorum. Thus husbands and lovers may meet as friends—and frequently do.

Mr. Baring's narrative gifts are considerable and he keeps his innumerable wooden characters in constant motion.

(*Continued on next page*)

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By Storm Jameson

"A long time ago," says Mary Hansyke, "when I was a little girl, I used to think there would be sure to be a shipyard in Heaven, with the sound of hammers and blocks and men singing O *away you rolling river.*" These are the very sounds that make part of the background of Mary Hansyke's story; for it was a shipyard that involved her life with several other lives.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

This motion, however, generates very little heat, so little indeed that it is difficult to believe in most of the grand passions of the book. Moreover, owing to lack of emphasis, the many trivial details that burden the tale command as much attention as its larger themes. The result is that "Daphne Adeane" has very much the flavor and effect of a pomegranate: invitingly brilliant and exotic as it lies before one, it proves on closer acquaintance to be filled with ligneous seeds and a sugar-water pulp. It recalls some of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's lesser novels—with the sentiment and convictions left out, and the manners and morals brought up to date.

IN DAYS THAT ARE DEAD. By Sir Hugh Clifford. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

Sir Hugh Clifford is a British government official whose intimate knowledge of Malaya was confessedly coveted by his friend, the late Joseph Conrad. The tales in his latest volume prove that the author of "Almayer's Folly" did not spend his envy on the wrong man. For Sir Hugh's material could scarcely be bettered in its kind and although he never entirely strips away its rawness in the treatment it cannot be fairly said that he deals with it unworthily. His clean and virile prose does not attempt to disguise its debt to Conrad. Nevertheless, some of the main features of his art appear to derive from Kipling. Sir Hugh carries his imperialism unobtrusively by comparison with the greater writer. He has very little of Kipling's emotional vulgarity. His patriotism, especially when it is concerned with "the white man's burden," is seldom indiscreet. The story "Greater Love" is of precisely the kind that laid the most dangerous pitfalls in Kipling's earlier path. It is no exaggeration to say that Sir Hugh Clifford's treatment of the difficult theme of self-sacrifice displays a tenderness and tact the lack of which in Kipling accounts for the kind of disparagement that he has lately suffered at the hands of Mr. H. G. Wells. Sir Hugh is essentially tolerant and unaggressive. He does not hold his imperialism with a vengeance. Other really notable tales in his book are "Cast," which might easily be an early draft of a tale by Conrad, and "The King of the Sedangs." The remaining tales are less powerful though never negligible.

THE PRICE OF VICTORY. By Maryland Allen. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

An extraordinary woman, one Barrie Gregory, divorced wife of a corrupt legislator, dominates the entire course of this skilfully constructed and absorbing novel. She is the strongest political force of a Pacific coast state, beautiful, unscrupulous, ruthlessly ambitious, and the methods by which she gains her dishonorable ends consist in menacing the opposition with the bludgeon of blackmail, uprooting the secret errors of the hapless, and exerting an irresistible hold over weak-fibred, but influential, men. For years, her chief enemies have been the wealthy Cornwell family, whose prestige of late has declined, but who hope, by electing their young scion, Blackmore, to the governorship, to recapture a position of power. Blackmore's bid for office is ably championed by his friend from the East, Tony Northbridge, a rising lawyer, and it is the prolonged, subtly complicated duel between the latter and sinister Mrs. Gregory which provides the main narrative source. The book early develops an interest so compelling that one is reluctant to interrupt its reading ere the last page is turned.

History

Epochs of World Progress. By *J. Lynn Barnard* and *Agnew O'Roorbach*. Holt.

A History of the People of the United States During Lincoln's Administration. By *John Bach McMaster*. Appleton. $5.

Bessarabia. By *Charles Upson Clark*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

The Story of Naples. By *Cecil Headlam*. Dutton. $2.

Antonio de Mendoza. By *Arthur Scott Aiton*. Duke University Press. $3.50.

Studies: Indian and Islamic. By *S. Khuda Buklish*. Kegan Paul. 10/6 net.

The Peacemakers of 1864. By *Edward C. Kirkland*. Macmillan. $2.50.

The Privy Council of England in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, 1603-1784. By *Edward Raymond Turner*. Vol. 1. Balto: The Johns Hopkins Press. $7.0.

International

THE THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL PRICES. By James W. Angell, Ph.D. Harvard University Press. 1926. $5.

This is distinctly a book for the specialist. Professor Angell has carefully analyzed English (including American) thought, then that of the continental economists, including French, Italian, German and Austrian. The third part of the volume is a restatement of the theory of international prices. There are three significant appendices.

Although such a treatment can never become a best seller, Americans should be keenly aware of its significance. Since the war our interest in international questions has been greatly stimulated but our reactions have been largely emotional. A flabby sentimentalism blissfully unaware of the intricacy of the problems but eager for something that will hasten "peace on earth" has been matched by the equally dense ignorance of the isolationists who insist on reiterating certain formulas against "entangling alliances." There need be no surprise that such extremes express themselves vigorously.

But an intelligent approach to the multitude of questions that must be met and solved requires the painstaking analysis of the carefully trained mind. Action based on faulty assumptions in the field of economic theory may bring disaster. An understanding of the fundamental determinants of prices in international trade is basic. Perhaps the traditional doctrine of comparative costs was wrong. Or perhaps it was correct and usable in the nineteenth century but unsatisfactory now. Possibly an approach through "price economics" will give us a better formulation of principles than the older doctrine.

Professor Angell's analysis confirms the doubts of many regarding the adequacy of the older theory and convinces the reader that modern business organization and procedure, especially that of our financial institutions, will compel us to recast our thinking. It is to be hoped that he will soon follow up this inquiry with another that will complete his analysis and perhaps apply it to such pressing issues as reparation payments and other international debts.

Juvenile

YESTERDAY AND TODAY. A collection of verse for young folks. Selected by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $2.50.

Although this latest anthology of verse for young people lacks something of the spontaneity and charm of Mr. Untermeyer's earlier collection, "This Singing World," he has nevertheless done an excellent thing in bringing together representative poems from the 1800 to 1850 period and in link-

(*Continued on page* 810)

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Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

MARCEL PROUST. His Life and Work. By *Leon Pierre-Quint.* Translated by *Hamish* and *Sheila Miles.* (Knopf).

THE STORY OF A WONDER MAN. Being the Autobiography of *Ring Lardner.* (Scribners).

UPPER NIGHT. By *Scudder Middleton.* (Holt).

THE Public Library of Washington, D. C., is anxious to locate, for "a prominent public official," the source of the following story:

Two men were shipwrecked on an island inhabited only by natives who would neither take the money offered to them for food, etc., nor give the men these necessities. One man found a horned toad and had the idea of exhibiting the toad, charging admission, and so getting the native money. The exhibit was held and the natives came, paying admission in the currency of the realm, which consisted of horned toads, so the shipwrecked men were no better off than before.

How crystalline the honesty of this official! Most public speakers finding a story as good as this, would grab it, thank their stars, and ask no questions.

M. C. R. R., Rye, N. Y., asks what was the attitude of the Greeks to old age and the aged, and what information may she obtain on this matter from scholars.

I AM permitted to provide this inquirer with a reply for which I heartily thank Professor Charles D. Adams, of Dartmouth College, who sent me this information:

. . . My references, however, include little from the Periclean time. For that period I can only refer to Nestle's *Euripides*, pp. 237 ff., where there are quotations of Euripides' sentiments, particularly as to aged parents. In fact, most of the references that I can give are along this line, the care of children for parents. Such references are given in Leopold Schmidt's *Die Ethik der alten Griechen*, pp. 141 ff. Similar material is found in Stobaeus, Book IV, Chap. LXXIX. Plutarch has an essay on "Old Men in Public Life," which has some good observations on old age in general.

The best things that occur to me in Greek literature on old age are the picture of Old Nestor in the Iliad, and in Bk. III of the Odyssey: the touching story of Priam at the tent of Achilles in Bk. XXIV of the Iliad: and, best of all, Plato's charming picture of the aged gentleman Cephalus in the opening of the "Republic."

Doubtless studies have been made, collecting just what you desire, but I find myself unable to find any of them. (Gulick, "Life of the Ancient Greeks," has a single page—of no importance.)

It happened that just before I read your letter I had been commenting to a student on the fact that the Greeks had a word for "old-age-feeding," *γηροβοσκειν*; the existence of such a word is the most eloquent testimony to the feeling of the Greeks as to the son's duty to his parents in their old age.

I thank you for your question. It suggests an employment for the old age leisure of a Greek professor who is on the last six weeks of his service as teacher—the seventieth birthday passed six months ago.

And now may I share with you our latest "howler"? When Odysseus emerged from the bushes, clothed only with a branch of olive-leaves, Nausicaa's handmaidens were frightened, and the trot says that "they fled cowering here and there about the jutting spits of shore." The intelligent Freshman evidently felt that to speak of "jutting spits" was neither exact nor elegant, so his quiz paper read, "The maidens fled here and there, expectorating violently." Even the old age of a professor of Greek has its bright moments!

Pronunciations have broken out again; G. L. A., Elizabeth, N. J., says that every authority she has consulted gives the pronunciation of Moscow as Mos-co to rhyme with slow, but that "people say that all travellers say Mos-cow like cow." Moscow like cow is the German pronunciation, *the one most often heard on the continent.* Mos-coo like a dove is the French pronunciation, but the Russians call it Mosk-va. At least this is what a Russian told me.

W. R. B., Chicago, Ill., asks if there are any other books on boy-life like "The Boy Through the Ages," by D. M. Stuart (Harrap).

THIS book may owe some of its popularity to the space around it from which it may be admired; it has nothing near it; the only way to get further information upon its subject is to assemble it, as Miss Stuart has so deftly done, from historical and biographical sources. In 1917 Putnam published "The Child in Human Progress," by G. H. Payne, with an introduction by Dr. Jacobi calling it "unique," and a bibliography; beginning as far back as civilization it gave such a record of organized infanticide, exploitation and even worse wastage, that the spirit sickens. It is a relief to come upon the first foundling asylum, in Milan in 787. "The Boy Through the Ages" is meant to reach young readers as well as older ones: several of the books for children published here lately might supplement it. The best of these is a reading-book for ten to twelve, "Boys and Girls of History," by Eileen and Rhoda Power (Macmillan); short stories of children, some historical, some assembled from historical sources, in environments from that of a boy in Roman Britain, A. D. 300 to the girlhood of Queen Victoria. The chapter on the working day of Edward VI is especially good. "Boys and Girls in American History," by A. F. Blaisdell (Little, Brown), begins with our pioneers and includes several famous men and women, but the interest is generally in the lives children would have led at certain periods rather than with the lives of certain children. "Saturday's Children," by Helen Coale Crew (Little, Brown), is an animated, often amusing and generally informing set of stories about the children of the poor in European countries; one even comes from Smyrna. The "Baedeker boy," bell-boy at a Paris hotel, the children who sell flowers to tourists at Killarney, the little girls knitting at Heidelberg, give a stay-at-home child a brighter idea of foreign countries or make an excellent supplement to a foreign journey.

C. T. B., Westtown, Pa., asks for a book of poems to give to friends going abroad, to "give them just the thrill on the spot that they know they ought to have but can't quite work up to through lack of information."

R. H., New York, asks for "books on religion," to be added to a collection that already includes "This Believing World," by Lewis Browne (Macmillan), and has no sectarian limitations.

HOWEVER Dr. Browne's book may generalize, as all outlines do, however it may jump to conclusions from evidence largely conjectural, it does give a reader unaccustomed to think of civilization in terms of belief an idea of the beliefs that have marked the successive stages of civilization. More, it leaves him ready and glad to go on with such reading after he has reached the last page of "This Believing World." "The Outline of Christianity" (Dodd, Mead) will give him in five portly volumes an encyclopedic treatment of the subject prepared for the general reader by experts and so far as I can see from repeated excursions through its pages, without polemics and in a spirit hospitable to any form of Christian faith. "The Story of Catholicism," by Cuthbert Wright (Boni & Liveright), is a non-Catholic's handbook of Church history for the information of non-Catholic but open-minded readers. "My Idea of God," edited by Joseph Fort Newton (Little, Brown), is a collection of statements of the conceptions of Deity held by nineteen men of as many faiths—Hebrew, Catholic and Protestant, Ethical Culture, Quaker and Swedenborgian, laymen and clergymen—a volume from which men have not withheld personal experiences intimate and searching. To this might be added—though not for a Sunday school library—the glimmerings of a faith that seems to be emerging from psychoanalysis, as indicated in "The Escape from the Primitive," by Horace Carncross, M.D., with a preface by Smith Ely Jeliffe, M.D. (Scribner). "Twelve Modern Apostles and Their Creeds," edited by Dean Inge (Duffield), is on the same plan as Dr. Newton's collection; laymen and leaders of the churches contribute statements of "Why I Am a Catholic," or an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Lutheran, a Quaker, a Baptist, a Methodist, a Congregationalist, a Unitarian, a Mormon, a Christian Scientist, and an unbeliever. After each (but the last) of these is a brief account of the church at this time in this country, its membership and organization. This is not to be confused with "These Twelve," by Dean Brown of Yale Divinity School (Century), a quite different book, a study of the Apostles as types of men such as we meet today, nine of them, with Paul, Barnabas, and Jesus. It would make excellent material for short addresses or could be read aloud as it stands to Bible classes, for the style is conversational. "I the Jew," by Maurice Samuels (Harcourt, Brace), is a nervously intense, passionately earnest message not, as his first book, to "You Gentiles," but to the "bewilderment and despair" of certain of the Jewish youth. It is in part a revolt against rationalism, and he rejects the assimilationist idea.

"From Myth to Reason," by Woodbridge Riley (Appleton), is an outline of the progress of scientific research from the myth age, through the long vogue of magic and the age of discovery and mechanics, to a final section in which the age of evolution is traced from its Greek anticipators.

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French Poetry and the New Spirit

By Malcolm Cowley

MODERN French poetry, in the imagination of most American readers, exists as a vague sort of Thibet, an unvisited province of the mind. We have heard many marvels about this region, its strange customs, its heroes, its adventurous landscapes; but we are certain only that its paths are difficult. We permit others to explore on our behalf. And we depend upon their accounts, their translations, to satisfy our real but intermittent curiosity.

It is unfortunately true that poetry cannot be translated. At best we can render only such qualities of the original as we possess already; and it generally results that the translator's work is a mirror to his own mind, rather than to the author's. Amy Lowell, for example, in her versions of Paul Fort, Verhaeren, and Francis Jammes, gives us a series of direct, vigorous images which might have been transcribed from her own poems. A more recent anthology, the "Modern French Poetry" of Joseph T. Shipley, consists partly of vague lyrics and partly of experiments which, in their English version, remind us of reading telegraph codes without the key. Still another translation published during the past year—"Casements," by Richard Cloudesley Savage—is a book of Victorian elegies with themes borrowed as if by accident from Valéry or Verlaine. Reading these volumes, and others like them which appear from season to season, we wonder whether the modern French poets have any qualities which can be justly called their own.

Such qualities exist, and I will try to define them; but the task is complicated, and I realize that any attempt to simplify and condense will be made at a considerable sacrifice of exactness. Even the subject must be defined by an arbitrary choice. Is modern French poetry to be understood in its general sense as including all poems written after a date which we ourselves select? Or, on the other hand, shall we limit the discussion to those French poems possessing a certain quality called, for convenience, modernity? I incline to this second reading, which greatly clarifies the subject. It is true that the word "modern" has been used in many connections during the two centuries since Charles Perrault began his quarrel with the Ancients, and that its meaning has changed perceptibly during the last decade. It has different connotations in England, America and France. However, the French poets of the last thirty years have used the word so often as to make it peculiarly their own. Even a century from now, when a critic describes their work, he will possibly speak of their "modernism" or "modern spirit," in the same way that we refer to the classicism of the seventeenth century and the French romanticism of the 1830's.

Our task, then, is to describe this modern spirit, and here we can best proceed by listing names. That of Rimbaud is almost inevitable. His career as a poet ended in 1873, when he was scarcely nineteen; it had lasted a little more than three years. Afterwards he moved on to other fields of adventure, but his poems remained to mark a crisis in French literature—a crisis from which the modern spirit was born.

They caused a change of direction which is bewildering chiefly because it assumed so many forms in so many individuals. Claudel read his poems and became a Catholic. Jacques Baron, probably thinking of "le Bateau Ivre," took ship for Rio de Janeiro. (*Oh, que ma quille éclate! oh, que j'aille à la mer!*) André Breton, who studied, imitated and developed Rimbaud for several years, finally turned Communist and abandoned poetry. Laugh if you insist. Had any of these writers been shallow or affected, their actions would indeed be ridiculous; but they were men of talent adjusting themselves to new conditions of thought.

In addition to Rimbaud, the modern spirit had other literary sources. Isidore Ducasse had published The Lays of Maldorer in 1868; four years, that is, before "le Bateau Ivre." Still earlier, mingled with other tendencies, one can find the modern spirit in Baudelaire. Tristan Corbière, who died in 1875, is generally included in the list of predecessors.

Then, following Rimbaud and largely influenced by him, came a line of talented poets: Mallarmé, Claudel, André Gide, Paul Valéry, Alfred Jarry (who ought to be known more widely), Léon-Paul Fargue, Jules Romains, Guillaume Apollinaire, Pierre Reverdy, Tristan Tzara . . . The list might be continued. There is an excellent French anthology[1] which gives extracts from the work of all these poets, as well as from others still younger. Francis Gérard, for example, was born in 1903. Three years ago, at the age of twenty-one, his ears filled with echoes of Rimbaud's great renunciation, he announced his desire "to separate himself more completely from all artistic expression in order to devote himself to activities more distinctly human and more strictly essential."

With this lay figure of a modern poet, our list of names comes to a close. It simplifies our task of definition; for evidently the modern spirit is something which all these poets, from Baudelaire to M. Francis Gérard, possess in common.

❧ ❧

Our easiest course would be to proceed by elimination. Thus, we discover that the modern spirit is not a matter of technique, for some of these poets write in alexandrines, some in irregular rhyming verses, and some without rhyme or metre. It is not a question of idiom. The boundaries of the literary language are being constantly extended by the use of slang and technical expressions; this tendency has been discussed in the most general terms, and one finds authors who speak of "breaking their servitude to words," or "putting a liberty cap on the dictionary"; but other poets in our list have chosen to stand aside from this movement . . . So also with the use of images. Figures of speech are generally more bold; the simile becomes a metaphor, and the metaphor is carried to the last limits of allusiveness; however, this vague or violent imagism is confined to certain poets and is at best only a manifestation of the modern spirit; the spirit itself lies deeper.

[1] "Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poésie Française." Paris: Aux Éditions du Sagittaire. The introduction to this volume is especially illuminating.

Some critics would define modernism as a new mechanism of thought, depending on a different system of connecting ideas. This particular tendency is not confined to French poems. In almost any "modern" book from May Sinclair to Louis Aragon, one observes that logic is being replaced by association as a method of transition from one thought or image to another. Already this "associationalism" has been given a name and has developed philosophic implications. It is related, for example, to Spengler's "morphological" (as opposed to the "causal") interpretation of history; it is involved in our general glorification of the subconscious. Still, it is not the essential of the modern spirit.

Fundamentally, modernism is a state of mind, a certain moral attitude toward letters and the world. This is the only characteristic which is shared by all the poets I have mentioned. Let us try to examine its nature and importance.

❧ ❧

The race of poets, who began by slowly purging their aesthetics of every moral element, have ended by developing aesthetics into a new moral code, which they applied first to letters, then to the literary life, and finally to life in general. This process helps to explain many current phenomena, even outside the world of art: as witness the revival of catholicism, the most aesthetic of the Christian cults. The recent endeavour to rewrite history and biography from a new angle is an opposite manifestation of the same tendency. In this case the "new angle" is simply a sense of the picturesque. The actions of historical characters are no longer judged by moral standards; instead they are judged for their dramatic or aesthetic value . . . But the very act of judgment implies a morality.

I might speak of "ethics" instead, except that the word is too pale to describe these literary battles. When heads are broken over questions of abstract beauty, as happens rather frequently in Paris, one decides that abstractions are being discussed with something more than an ethical fervour.

The moral principle which underlies the modern spirit is a belief in the viciousness of formulae; in the inherent virtue of search and discovery. The search may be self-conscious; the aim of the discovery may be merely to surprise the reader. In this case Paul Valéry's comment applies: that "the desire to astonish is the most natural, the most easily conceived of all desires; it enables any reader to decipher without great effort the very simple secret of many surprising works." But not of all. More difficult motives have sometimes led the poet to seek the impossible, to explore, to travel into new countries of emotion. "Anywhere out of the world!" said André Gide; and fifty years before him, Baudelaire exclaimed:

Nous voulons, tant ce feu nous brûle le cerveau,
Plonger au fond du gouffre, Enfer ou Ciel qu'importe?
Au fond de l'Inconnu pour trouver du nouveau!

"In depths of the Unknown discover something new." Such discoveries require violent efforts, an aggressive temperament, an ardent thirst for adventure. Poetry is no longer regarded as a vale of refuge; instead it is a chain of mountains to be climbed, a dangerous archipelago to be explored. And when this morality of search is extended from letters into life, it is apt to result in acts and theories of violence. They are not hard to discover in the world about us; nor is it difficult to untangle the chain of thought that underlies them all. Rimbaud smuggling rifles into Abyssinia and Mussolini seizing a kingdom; Jarrys' insolent life and the adventures of Admiral Horthy or Bela Kun; Sorel's Reflections on Violence, the Seven Dada Manifestoes, the *Action Française*, the latest riot of the Super-realists:—all these events are related, at least in spirit, to such poetical works as "Le Bateau Ivre," "Ubu Roi," and the "Calligrammes" of Apollinaire.

However, I have wandered pretty far from my original purpose, which was merely to show that the spirit of modern French poetry is one of search, experiment, and invention. I might add that so much passionate seeking, on the part of so many talented writers, was pretty certain to create its own discoveries. There is indeed a new world waiting, of sounds, colours and perfumes; of unknown braveries and emotions, for any reader able to cross its boundaries. This world, as we know, is hard to enter. Language is almost the least of its barriers: there is a whole cultural background to be learned, and the idiom peculiar to each poet, and his special point of departure, his direction. Often the poet himself creates new barriers, either for their own sake or for love of that "opacity" which Mr. Eliot prizes so highly. It is hardly surprising that modern French poets have few readers in their own country, and fewer still in this.

But their importance is out of all proportion to their popularity. Poetry, in France, is still the basis of all the literary arts. Almost every great French writer of our century began his career as a poet, or learned his art from poetry. The experiments are made there, the methods are learned there; later these methods are applied in novels, in essays, on the stage. André Gide the novelist springs from André Gide the poet. The ideas which distinguish Valéry's essays were already implicit in his verse. The dramas of Paul Claudel depend on Rimbaud, as do Joseph Delteil's biographies. Such works, unlike the verse, can be rendered into English; and it is chiefly through the translated prose of writers like Gide, Morand, Delteil, Cocteau, Proust or Giraudoux that modern French poetry has begun perceptibly to influence our own literature.

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page* 808)

ing these with the best of our modern verse. A youthful reader will thus be led quite easily and naturally from Stevenson, Henley, Bryant, Tennyson, Poe, and Emily Dickinson to the work of such contemporary poets as Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, Yeats, Stephens, Masefield, De La Mare, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Mr. Untermeyer has a particularly happy faculty for selection from the work of lesser known poets and, as in his earlier collection, the modern section contains poems that the average reader, especially the schoolboy or girl, would not be so likely to come upon elsewhere. Since, as Mr. Untermeyer explains in his preface, anthology in the original Greek means flower gathering, so it is inevitable that there should be differences of opinion as to which poetical flowers should be included between such covers. On the whole we agree with his choice, especially we should like to praise his selections from Emily Dickinson. Such samples should tempt the poetically inclined young person still farther afield on literary adventurings of his own. This, after all, is the chief end and purpose of all anthologies.

The book itself is attractive in format with such pleasant and alluring headings as: "Common Miracles," "Hoof, Claw and Wing," "Portraits of People," and "The Good Ground." Some of the decorations by Edna Reindel are pleasing, though at times they fall somewhat short of the verse in range and variety.

THE TEN DREAMS OF ZACH PETERS. By Hermann Hagedorn. John C. Watson Co. 1927.

By means of the rather overworked Dream fantasy idea an American boy is given an understanding of the principles which underly the Constitution of the United States. Each night over his homework, Zach, the youthful hero, falls asleep and dreams that he and his faithful bull-dog take part in various adventures connected with deeds and figures of the past. Through these he gains a new insight into the meaning of what had been heretofore unintelligible phrases out of a history book. The idea in presenting the Constitution by means of this vivid sort of illustration is an excellent one at times, such as in the chapters where the boy witnesses the barons forcing King John to sign the Magna Charta and when he learns the true significance of freedom of speech, the method is successful. At other times, however, the fantasy becomes involved and manufactured. For instance the dream which shows the boy substituting for Saint Peter on a cloud outside the gates of heaven seems unnecessarily far-fetched. We doubt if boys themselves, for whom the book is evidently intended, would stand for this sort of thing, or for much of the sentimentality and expositional talk towards the end. To our way of thinking it falls short because it is neither a simple, vividly written account of the Constitution and what it stands for; nor is it a series of rattling good stories about a boy's adventures with figures out of the Past, so presented as to give significance and understanding of the laws that govern present-day conditions of life. In conception and general scheme the book is unusual; it is a pity that it could not have been carried out with the same spirit throughout.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE FICHET LETTER

FROM the Press of Ars Typographica comes a reprint of "The Fichet Letter" with an introduction by Douglas C. McMurtrie. The letter is reproduced in collotype and a translation of the text follows by W. A. Montgomery, Ph.D., The volume is a small folio, printed on handmade paper, bound in gray boards, and limited to 200 copies. The importance of this letter lies in the fact that it contains the first statement known to us definitely ascribing the invention of printing to John Gutenberg. There were earlier statements to the effect that the new art of printing had come out of Germany, there were cryptic allusions which were assumed to refer to Gutenberg, there was evidence relating the discovery to the city of Mainz, but there was on record no statement clearly naming the inventor. Chronologically Fichet was no further removed from the production of the first books than we are from the Spanish-American war. Fichet realized, as many of the working printers evidently did, the importance of recording facts regarding the new invention for the information of posterity. He had three German printers working for him. The principles and practices of their craft are admitted to have been derived, directly or indirectly, from the first printer, whoever he may have been. It is reasonable to infer that they had some knowledge of the source of their art, which had been so recently discovered. The letter of Fichet, when all the facts are considered, is the best of evidence that Gutenberg was the inventor of printing. In these days, when the whole subject of typography and the history of printing, is receiving so much attention, the Press of Ars Typographica has rendered a genuine service in the handsome and scholarly reprint of this famous letter.

BALTIMORE POE MEMORIAL

THE Edgar Allan Poe Society of Baltimore was organized in January, 1924, for the purpose of cherishing the name and fame of the poet in the city which was an inspiration to him during his life and in which he died and is buried. Through the society's efforts the grave in Westminster Churchyard has received adequate attention, and annual observances are now being held each year. A further step in its program was an exhibition of first editions and other personal objects this year, which will be repeated on a larger scale in 1929. According to an announcement of the vice president of the society, there still remains much to accomplish. Reminders of the past existing in Baltimore should be restored and preserved, relics collected and brought together in a suitable place for appreciation, and a memorial, including the writings of the poet, established. These objects, while of particular interest to Baltimoreans, are also of interest to admirers of the poet everywhere. It is therefore felt that membership of the society should not be restricted to residents of Baltimore, as heretofore, but offered to all who admire Poe and cherish his memory for what he accomplished for American literature. Officers of the society for the current year are: honorary president, Lizette Woodworth Reese; president, John C. French; vice president, Kenneth Reds; treasurer, S. Page Nelson (Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., to whom correspondence about membership may be addressed); and secretary, Caroline Hayden.

"YOUR LAST WILL"

IN an article under the title "Your Last Will" directed to collectors who are considering what disposition to make of their treasures, the editor of *The American Collector*, after giving some most excellent ad-advice, makes this appear for the Library of Congress:

"The Library of Congress is the best managed library in the United States. (I hope I will be forgiven for this remark by some of my other efficient librarian friends.) This institution has very sincere and unselfish men on its staff. The shrewd Pennell understood this when he made his will. Ultimately the Library of Congress will become the greatest storehouse of rare, as well as reference books, of these United States. The library needs, and invites, gifts of collections and money. It is willing to keep compact gatherings as separate units. The larger the accommodations of this library are the more useful the institution will be. Most certainly we should take the greatest pride in the growth of our National Library. In fact, there should be nobody with a bookish taste who has not done something for the Library of Congress. Persons who have made money out of books as buyers and sellers and the collectors and bibliophiles of this country, should consider it a supreme duty to leave something to our National Library—material or money—as the best means to perpetuate their money."

BOOKS ON MAGIC

AN exhibition of books on magic is now being held at the Grolier Club, consisting of about 300 volumes selected and arranged so as to bring out many interesting facts about magic, and show how it has been connected with the art of bookmaking. It is said that there has been more than 2,000 books on magic since Reginald Scott published his "The Discoverie of Witchcraft," in 1584, a book designed to show that there was no such thing as witchcraft. A beautiful copy of Scott's first edition is in the exhibition. The entire display is well arranged to bring out the age and dignity of the art of magic and to show sidelights on its diverting history. One of the outstanding items of the exhibit is Robert-Houdin's "Confidences d'un Prestidigitateur," an autograph presentation copy of the first edition. The display is rounded out by sections, showing magazines of magic, of which there have been over 80 since 1792, bookplates of collectors of magic, coins and medals struck for magicians, music inspired by magic, catalogs of dealers, bibliographies, and finally, mail order courses in magic. Booklovers do not recall an exhibition of this kind before, certainly no one that covers the subject so fully and effectively.

WAGNER MANUSCRIPT SOLD

THE original autograph score of Richard Wagner's "Das Rheingold," the only opera score of this composer ever offered at public sale and the only one owned in this country, was sold at the American Art Galleries April 26 to Dr. Rosenbach for $15,400. The manuscript is the only orchestral score of "Das Rheingold" in existence, and is believed to be the only score of a Wagnerian opera outside a museum. The manuscript consists of about 3,000 measures and approximately 8,000 words, written in pencil on both sides of 186 leaves, all in the composer's hand.

The manuscript was sold with library sets and first editions, including the libraries of Mrs. J. B. Finley of Pittsburgh, Edwin J. Evans of London and Stanley Spiegelberg of New York. The "Das Rheingold" manuscript was the property of Kurt Lehman of this city. The three sessions of the sale brought a grand total of $90,655. An extensively illustrated set of Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln" sold for $1,185; a copy of the first edition of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," $1,000, and a complete set of the first editions of Scott's Waverley Novels, $950 .

JOSEPH PENNELL MEMORIAL

WITH the opening of the Pennell exhibit at the Library of Congress comes the announcement of the publication of a volume which reproduces with remarkable fidelity twenty-four of the water colors of Mr. Pennell, all views from the heights of Brooklyn, where he lived, toward New York, and the collection has been appropriately gathered under the title of "The Glory of New York," with a dozen pages of text by Mrs. Pennell. "The one thing he asked," says the closing paragraph of this beautiful tribute, "in his last illness was that his bed might be moved close to the windows from which he could look out onto the beauty that all his life had been so dear to him. To me it seems appropriate after years of devotion that the work of the finest and latest period should have been the long series of water colors he has left as a tribute to the glory of New York." The book is a folio volume, limited to 355 copies, arranged by Bruce Rogers at the Press of William E. Rudge.

INCUNABULA IN EUROPE

PIERCE BUTLER, of the Newberry Public Library of Chicago, contributes a very interesting article to *The Publishers' Weekly* on the "Incunabula Markets of Europe." He sees only a diminishing supply with the tendency of prices steadily upward. In the concluding paragraph of his article he says:

"And beyond all question the day of extensive accumulations of fine books in this field has already passed. No one will ever again form a Spencer collection of incunabula, or a Morgan collection, a Vollbehr collection, a Huntington collection or a Thacher collection, or even a Wolff collection or anything like them. Such books have permanently left the market for permanent institutional ownership. The only chance of anything of this sort ever again coming across the Atlantic is the remote possibility that one or more of the great European institutions may, in their poverty, sell in a lot their fifteenth century book treasures to some American millionaire."

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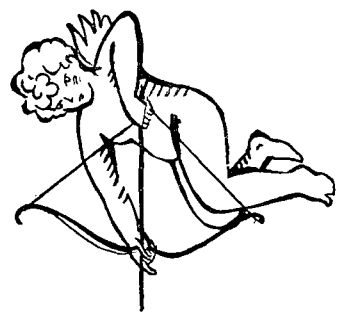

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The *Times* is equally enthusiastic over THE ARROW, the delicate and fantastic romance of a young man who encountered Eros in Piccadilly Square: "Christopher Morley has blended psychology, fantasy, strikingly new phrases, satire and sheer silliness with a deftness that eludes analysis . . . made remarkable by writing that is a pleasure to read."

The *New Yorker* chuckles over PLEASED TO MEET YOU, that rollicking comedy . . . gentle satire."

The New York *Sun* had a good time with THE ARROW: "Delightful . . . fun and fancy . . . a delicate piece of literary art." The *New Yorker* agrees: "An agreeably romantic fantasia . . . amusing and charming, whimsical and satirical."

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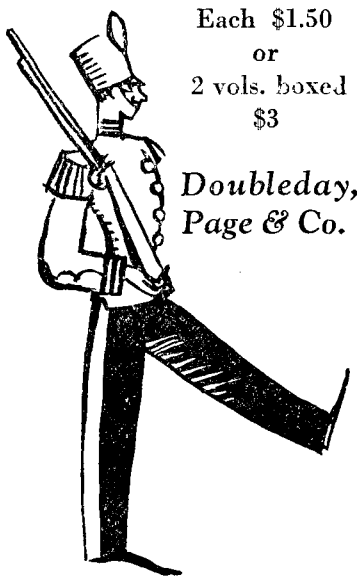

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The Phoenix Nest

AWHILE ago we spoke in this column of a book of beasts both fabulous and authentic known as "The Elizabethan Zoo." It is one example of the beautiful bookmaking of the Haslewood firm who produce the Haslewood books. We also spoke of "The Phœnix Nest" of 1593 reprinted,—which is another. The Chaucer Head, at 32 West Forty-seventh Street now announces itself as sole agent for the Haslewood Books in America. It offers its services not only to supply forthcoming issues, but in the out-of-print titles as well. We commend these books. They are not inexpensive, but they are rare and delightful. Send for the Chaucer Head Broadside, Volume 1, Number 4, which tells all about them. . . .

A gentle subscriber advises us, peremptorily, to leave any discussion of music out of the column, (apropos of our comment on *George Antheil's* "Ballet Mechanique"), and not to make a damn fool of ourselves. This wistful admonition our wayward fancy may not heed. It tempts us, in fact, to quote Mr. *Ben Hecht* on the subject of the concert, as he enjoys himself in a recent *Chicago Daily News:*

As for the audience—I have never beheld so shocked a body of men and women. Their reactions to Mons. Antheil's music were a study in bewilderment, shame, anger and incredulity. And this was pleasing. For I had come to fancy New Yorkers a sort of race sired by James Joyce and Jack the Ripper. It was pleasing to see something get under the skin of this highty-tighty crowd.

There is some nice hot shot in *New York: A Four-Page Journal of Ideas for the General Reader*, edited by *Harold De Wolf Fuller*. In a recent issue for instance, this:

All journalists who honor the high tradition of their craft must rankle at the actions of the Boston *Post* and the New York *News* in printing prematurely *Governor Smith's* answer to *Colonel Marshall's* letter in the *Atlantic Monthly*. All papers were given advance notice on the story and promised simultaneous releases of it on April 25. These two obtained copies surreptitiously and printed the story last Saturday. These papers have broken the law; for this they deserve the maximum penalty. They have done worse; they have reduced the honor of newspapers and newspaper men to the honor of thieves; for this they deserve the contempt and condemnation of all true members of the writing craft.

and this—

The ghost of *Anthony Comstock* is stalking on Boston Common. This hound of heaven is reincarnated in the person of *William J. Foley*, Boston's district attorney. With all the vigor of his previous incarnation he is swatting the "indiscriminate sale of salacious literature." Ten books, among them some of the season's most popular, must not be sold. Even "Elmer Gantry" is barred (we still contend that it can only stimulate more and better revival meetings). Publishers, writers, and editors—including *Ellery Sedgwick*, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly; M. A. De Wolfe Howe*, author; and *Alfred R. McIntyre*, president of Little Brown and Company—have signed a public protest in the name of "the historic tradition of Boston and New England," against the high-handed action.

The books of the month chosen by undergraduates of Yale University for publication in the *Yale News Literary Supplement* were, as of April 21, "Revolt in the Desert," by *T. E. Lawrence;* "The Old Countess," by *Anne Douglas Sedgwick;* "The Arrow," by *Christopher Morley;* and "The Rebellious Puritan," by *Lloyd Morris*. . . .

The School for Irish Studies, founded by *Joseph Campbell*, the distinguished Irish poet, has now kept itself in being for nearly two years. Beside the founder of the school, three others have been associated with its work,—namely, *Padraic Colum*, *Edward J. Kavanagh*, M.A., (Lecturer in Classic Languages at Fordham), and *Marie Collins Rooney* (Mrs. John Jerome Rooney) of the Local School Board of the City of New York. The School has made for itself a unique place in the intellectual and aesthetic life of New York City. Up to the present it has been financed out of Associate Membership dues and the receipts from lectures and plays. It has now been decided to inaugurate an endowment fund. All donations will be much appreciated. Those who cannot give large sums can assist materially by becoming Associate Members. The dues are ten dollars a year. All communications should be addressed to the School of Irish Studies Endowment Fund, 6 East Twelfth Street, New York City. . . .

The Playreaders, Inc., assisted by the Laboratory Theatre and School recently presented a first dramatic reading of *Christopher Morley's* "Where the Blue Begins," which has now been done into a play. We enjoyed the reading mightily, particularly the interpretation of Mr. Gissing by *Greely Curtis* and of Mrs. Spaniel by *Ellen Whitman*. The Playreader will continue to seek to foster the development of the American drama by means of Dramatic Cast Readings before discriminating audiences able to supply constructive criticism. . . .

We are privileged to print the following verse by *Edwina Stanton Babcock*, addressed to "The Critics," and written "after reading eight successive numbers of *The Saturday Review:*"

At first I thought to hang above their reach,
Limpeted to a rock whereon I sought
To pearl my hermitage with azure bleach
Swayed o'er their foamy gallantries of thought;
But, severed shell, lifting along the beach,
Lip-leaning to their scattering swirl and surge,
I fill and drain, swept by their brilliant urge
Of salty glitter. Dazzlingly fraught,
Tossed, counter-currented, outflung; to lie
Foundered on cross-rips of lucidity!

Karl Edwin Harriman, so long pilot of the fortunes of *The Red Book*, has resigned after a quarter of a century's toil as editor (of which fourteen years went to the *R. B.*) to take up other activities. His place will be filled by *Edwin Balmer*, well-known novelist and short-story writer,—and *Arthur McKeogh*, of the *Saturday Evening Post* and later of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, will come in as resident New York representative and associate editor. . . .

Reform and Orthodox Rabbis of the United States have been asked to observe Jewish Book Week, during the week of May 21-27, following the action of The Chicago Rabbinical Association, which recently passed resolutions endorsing the movement, and which is urging all its members to make the week a success. . . .

Louis Bromfield has a good title for his new novel which will be published by Stokes in July. It is to be called, "A Good Woman." The energetic Mr. Bromfield will begin a first lecture tour of the United States in October, under the auspices of the Leigh-Emmerich Bureau. His subjects are, "Mr. Babbitt, the Man who Had the World Wished on Him," "The Things We Live Too Fast to See," and "Fads and Fancies in Contemporary American Literature." . . .

Of *Marcel Proust* is told the following delightful anecdote in "Marcel Proust, His Life and Work," written by *Leon Pierre-Quint* (Knopf), translated by *Hamish* and *Sheila Miles*, and just published:

"You have taken a lot of trouble for me," he said to an hotel waiter who had brought him a letter. "Here's fifty francs. Oh, but I have kept you talking till one o'clock in the morning. You've no longer got any means of getting home. Here's another two hundred francs. And then, did you not tell me that your mother was on a visit to Paris? You will be wanting to go with her. That will lead you into various expenses." A gesture like this, though it seemed at first sight exaggerated and incomprehensible, was not astonishing coming from him. It was only the culmination of his wonderful kindness of heart.

Speaking of the theatre, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has now been playing for sixty-two years straight, which beats even "Abie's Irish Rose." There's an article on the author of "Uncle Tom" in the current *American Mercury*. . . .

Be sure to get *John Livingston Lowes's* "The Road to Xanadu" if you have any interest whatever in the way literature is created. It is a brilliant performance. . . .

Inaugurating their New Playwrights Series, the Macaulay Company announces the early publication of the plays already produced and those scheduled for production next season by the New Playwrights Theatre. "Loud Speaker," by *John Howard Lawson* and "Earth" by *Em Jo Basshe* will be published immediately. "Fiesta" by *Michael Gold*, "Suburb" by *John Dos Passos*, and "Picnic" by *Francis Edwards Faragoh* will be issued in the early fall. . . .

We have a letter from the honored *Alexander Harvey* which we wish to print and are going to very soon. Also we wish to make the correction that *Professor Parrington's* "Main Currents in American Thought," two volumes (Harcourt), is priced at four dollars a volume, *not* four dollars for *both* volumes, as we recorded. . . .

And, by Golly, next week we may put on a Supplementary Ferocious Sonnet Number at that, as we have been receiving some good ones. . . .

And as we hate to work,—for fear spring should actually arrive while we were hard at it! . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
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Since KARL K. KITCHEN, the Boswell of the Roarin' Forties, has already blurted out the story in his own column, we feel constrained to set down here the *precise* transcript of a recent exchange of telegrams:

"How big an advance will you offer on a manuscript of eighty thousand words?" read a cryptic dispatch to THE INNER SANCTUM, from an unknown writer.

The same Western Union messenger took back the reply:

"How big are the words?"

The news that FRANZ WERFEL, author of *Coat Song* and *Juarez and Maximilian* is about to release a new novel, *Der Tod Des Kleinburgers*, brings to mind (at least to ours) his last work of fiction, *Verdi, A Novel of the Opera*. Here in *The Inner Sanctum* that book is the object of affection and adoration. We rank it not far behind *Jean Christophe* as a masterpiece on a musical theme. For us, it made not only *Verdi* live again, but *Wagner* as well, and it carried the lure of Venice in Carnival time.

Perhaps these lines will be read by someone who can explain why *Verdi, A Novel of the Opera* hasn't sold better in America. We doubt it. In Europe the book rapidly went through fifty editions and put WERFEL in the running for The Nobel Prize. Here in the States, the book received a superlative press, but is still only in its third printing—selling steadily, but far, far too slowly. It is just one of those enigmas that makes every editorial sanctum a heart-break house.

But we have our moments—especially when PETER ARNO comes dashing into the shop with an illustration and a "gag" for his new opus, *Whoops Dearie!*, a novel about *The Whoops Sisters*. Arno is an ideal author: he does his own ads. His first blast for *Whoops Dearie!* shows the bemuffed and beflounced Grande Dames of *New Yorker* fame (their names turn out to be *Pansy Smiff* and *Mrs. Flusser*) parked in front of a book-stall, in mad guffaws over their new novel. (The book will be ready in about two weeks.) Here is the dialogue:

"Lordy! Now they got us in a book we'll 'ave no privacy at all!"
"Privacy? Fer a dollar seventy-five? Ain't you th' little wag, though—Whoops!"

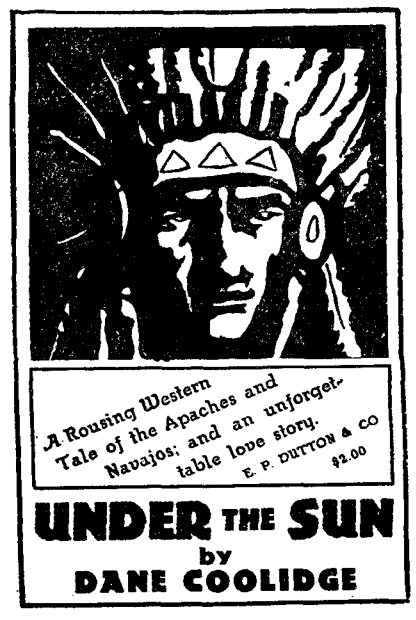
This week we are publishing *Trance on Ten Words a Day* by H. MCCARTY-LEE, also with illustrations by Arno. If you want to know the ten words before you sail, you'll have to see your bookseller at once, or let out some potent hints to your friends for the *bon voyage* basket.

Perhaps it is more exciting to list only our *three* best-sellers this week. Here they are:

The Story of Philosophy
Rhapsody by SCHNITZER
Lenz on Bridge

We understand that the New Haven book-stores are stocking up Father RONALD KNOX's latest detective story in preparation for the senior society elections. His book is called *The Three Taps*.

—ESSANDESS



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